The Radio Case in the Newspapers *by Paul Y. Anderson*

The Nation

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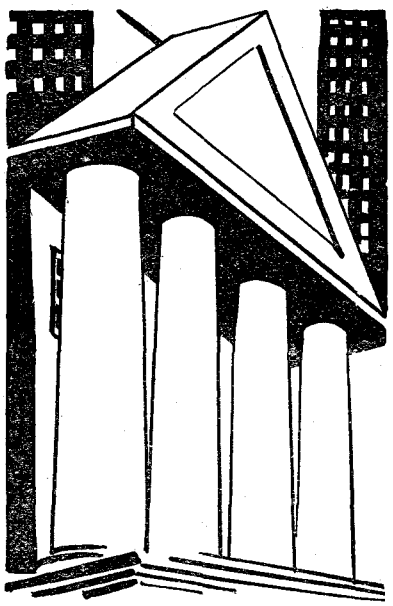

The National City Fiasco

by C. W.

Farm Relief Meets an Enemy

by Robert S. Allen

What Next in India?

by C. F. Andrews

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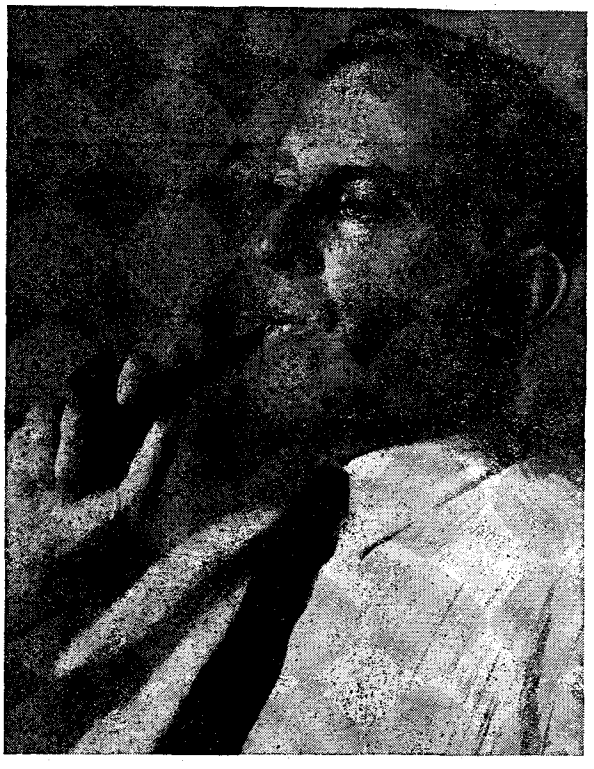

THE BOOK OF ARTHUR GLEASON

"MY PEOPLE"

By ARTHUR GLEASON

"A. G."

By HELEN HAYES GLEASON

THE man who in wartime forecast the tremendous swing of the past decade in British life, turned his scrutiny to the oncoming American. "The world has made a fresh start and he is on hand in plenty of time," he wrote. "If one generation of youth will carry its undefeated purpose through the span of years at the pace of its flying start, we shall release a force and beauty into time, surpassing former things."

To celebrate and illustrate that faith is the purpose of this sheaf of little essays. Its lyric prose treats of the facets of American impulse; its rhythms are as various and contrasting as the jets of nervous vibrancy in Manhattan Nights and the drumming undertones of Ramskapelle Barnyard.

THE author of "My People" was essentially one of them, a lover of tolerance, a hater of repressions and violence. He challenged the hazards of freedom. There was in him that unconquerable spark of the spirit of life, youth that rides the flow of events, the creative artist. Of these Mrs. Gleason writes, and especially of his quest for beauty, the beauty of simplicity, of truth, of suffering.

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Ramsay MacDonald Said of Arthur Gleason

—"an able and sincere friend who did as much as any man of our time to interpret to the American people the meaning and aim of the British Labour movement."

What Others Say

". . . an American journalist . . . who had put aside his pen for a while to do manual work in the fields of agony, proving himself to be a man of calm and quiet courage, always ready to take great risks in order to bring in a stricken soldier."—PHILIP GIBBS, *London Chronicle of Oct. 21, 1914.*

". . . a bit of Emerson in his face . . . And a fire in his eyes that Emerson never dreamed of."—JAMES OPPENHEIM.

". . . in the best American's character, as revealed in him, we have something unsurpassed, triumphant."—S. K. RATCLIFFE.

". . . as vice-president of the League for Industrial Democracy Arthur Gleason supplied the foundation ideas for the reorganized society."
—HARRY LAIDLER.

"I well remember swimming with him once at Brighton Beach, far out from shore, and as we rose and fell on the long, lazy swells, discussing the prose style of Cardinal Newman."—WALTER PRITCHARD EATON.

'He supplied what was most needed, at a time when it was most needed —a synthesis of all the sporadic efforts of self-education among working men and women in the country."—SPENCER MILLER, JR., *Workers Education Bureau of America.*

"By his own mysterious gift, he drew us to him, one by one, because he was the man he was—modest and reticent, utterly honest, utterly brave, sensitive to beauty, sensitive to human need."—RICHARD H. EDWARDS, *Cornell University Christian Association.*

"He wrote three books which interpreted the common life of England in a period more epochal than any since the Napoleonic wars . . . Arthur Gleason's prophecies, disparaged at the time, have not a few of them come swiftly true."—PAUL U. KELLOGG, *editor of the Survey.*

"His was the courage of the highly organized man who knows fear and makes it his vassal. . . . His generosity, his courage, his kindness, and his high intelligence clothed him like a garment. Perhaps that is why so many of the great and powerful in Europe made him their friend and confidant."—WILL IRWIN.

"In our *Collier's* time Gleason's note was openly lyric. . . . In his later work the lyric, the song, infuses his tale of the definite struggles of men. His long devotion to the search of labor for a more heavenly earth, full of knowledge as it was, nevertheless was in itself a song. He was a poet of humanity to the end."—NORMAN HAPGOOD.

"Years after the event he would recall and speak of some special loveliness: the twisting road of the Water Gap under a midnight moon; June and a luncheon in a rose-covered cottage on the canal bank; miles at night through a meadow all a-flicker with myriads of fireflies in the mist."—HASTINGS LYON.

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SEVEN TO TEN for cruisers of 10,000 tons instead of six to ten as fixed by the Washington Conference, and the same increased ratio for auxiliary craft, is in substance the Japanese claim as brought out in the recent discussions with the Japanese delegation to the London Conference which stopped over for a few days at Washington to feel Secretary Stimson's pulse and take his temperature. As usual in such preliminary talks there are some alternatives. According to Mr. Wakatsuki, former Premier and head of the delegation, Japan would be glad to see a permanent holiday in the building of battleships, and will not insist that the 70 per cent ratio for auxiliary vessels shall be applied to each class of such vessels. As for the submarine, it will not abandon that type of craft, but it is willing to accept some limitation of submarine tonnage. In other words, Japan professes its readiness to agree to about any reduction or limitation of naval armament that will suit the other Powers, provided it is accorded a better position in relation to Great Britain and the United States than was given to it at the Washington Conference, and is allowed to retain the submarine. As the United States and Great Britain appear to be opposed, tentatively at least, to all of these contentions except the battleship holiday, the official announcement that "agreement in the objectives of both countries was established" at Washington is apparently to be taken only in a Pickwickian sense.

NEUTRALITY FOR ARGENTINA in the next war, 800,000 tons of naval armament as a minimum for France, a protest by Earl Beatty in the House of Lords against any reduction in the strength of the British fleet: these and similar reports and outgivings of the past few days, taken in connection with the discussion of neutrality to which we referred last week, raise the question whether the Kellogg pact is coming to be looked upon by the signatory Powers as only an expression of a pious hope, or whether its doctrine possesses something that can be recognized as reality. In accepting the Kellogg pact, as we understand it, the nations have solemnly agreed not to go to war, with the implied reservation, however, that they may fight in self-defense. Why, then, all the to-do about neutrality and the need of keeping navies up to a high pitch? If war has been abolished there can be no neutrals, for neutrality has no existence save when there is war. On the other hand, if the armaments that are being talked about are really needed for defense, then every naval Power must be seriously expecting that the Kellogg pact is not really going to be observed. Is it not time that we had a little clear thinking and plain speaking about this peace business? Against whom does France need 800,000 tons of fighting craft, or Great Britain, according to Lord Beatty, require the laying down of ten cruisers within the next ten years? Is the Kellogg pact an honorable agreement, or is it bunk?

PRESIDENT HOOVER is responsible for a great increase in the amount of current information available with reference to social conditions in the United States. The report of his committee on recent economic changes published last spring was an extremely valuable study of contemporary economic movements, and he has now appointed a research council on social trends which shall direct corresponding studies in broader social fields, dealing with national health, changes in family life, housing, education, recreation, and like topics. The work will be carried on with funds provided by the Rockefeller Foundation, and the personnel of the council is a guaranty both of the scholarly character and impartiality of the work and of the skill with which the results will be presented. Mr. Hoover has been well advised in trusting this survey to five such men as Wesley C. Mitchell, Charles E. Merriam, William F. Ogburn, Howard W. Odum, and Shelby M. Harrison. It is worth noting, also, that the Social Science Research Council has given aid in defining the nature of the survey. All this promises much for the usefulness of the study that is to be made.

COMPLETE VICTORY FOR RUSSIA—that is the outcome of the negotiations at Khabarovsk in the matter of the dispute over the Chinese Eastern Railway. The troops of both sides are to be called away from the frontiers as soon as possible, all Russians and Chinese arrested

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by either nation will be released, all White Russians employed will be removed, all Soviet and Chinese executives who have been dismissed or have resigned will be restored, all economic organizations interrupted by the dispute will be reestablished, the respective consuls in East Siberia and Manchuria are to be put back into office, and the Chinese agree to dissolve the White Guard Corps and expel its leaders and organizers from Manchuria. From the Russian point of view nothing could be more complete and satisfactory. It is to be noticed, however, that the Soviets have not asked for any financial reparation for damages for the acts which the Chinese, by the acceptance of these terms without protest to the rest of the world, admit were wrong on their part. Yet Secretary Stimson has the effrontery to have given out in Washington that he sees in this result "a vindication of the so-called Hoover doctrine of action under the Kellogg peace pact." It is added, however, that neither the White House nor the State Department is expected to make any direct claim of credit for forcing a peaceful adjustment. We hope not. That would be an impudence beyond all characterization.

BOSTON has done it again. This time a perfectly respectable Cambridge bookseller has been sentenced to a month in jail and has been fined $500 in addition for selling a book alleged to be immoral, "Lady Chatterly's Lover," by D. H. Lawrence. The book was not exposed for sale nor was anybody solicited to purchase it. An agent of that disgusting organization known as the New England Watch and Ward Society procured the commission of the crime by going into the shop and begging the bookseller to get him a copy. This time the society has at least received from both the prosecution and the defense the dressing down that its despicable methods deserve. The district attorney says that he wishes the public to understand that he indorses neither the policy nor the tactics of the society and he adds that if its agents go into stores of good repute and induce people to commit crime he will proceed against them. He should begin right now by making an example of the contemptible agent who figured in this case. The counsel for the defense, Herbert Parker, who has held high office in the State and stands well at the bar, properly declared:

> These miserable, false pretenders who pose brazenly as protectors of public morals are nothing but falsifiers and deceivers. God forbid that the standards of this Commonwealth should be stained by the false and poisonous hands of such persons!

What is the matter with Boston that this society is not put out of business by the contempt of the citizenry?

"THEY ARE SIMPLY SMALL FILES in which human beings are stored away"—thus Colonel George F. Chandler, who has just investigated Auburn Prison at the request of Governor Roosevelt, describes the horrible cells in that prison. They are, he declares, "antiquated, damp, dark, and cold," and devoid of all sanitary conveniences except pails. They are seven feet high and seven deep; half are four feet wide and half only three and one-half feet—in these two men are often immured. The prisoners are "poorly and inadequately clothed"; there are "few gloves, overcoats, or boots" for those who work out-of-doors. The prison itself was built in 1816 and has not been added to since 1880. In addition to all this the men have for months been without adequate work or any work at all, without athletics or any proper exercise. Is it surprising that victims of this kind of "reform" have twice within six months risen in desperation? Colonel Chandler is able to praise only the women's wing which has 115 inmates—and three babies!. He recommends immediate relief from overcrowding even by the use of the State Fair Grounds, an increase in the number of guards and civilian employees, better food, the abolition of special privileges, the segregation of incorrigible prisoners, and the abolition of the Mutual Welfare League. The Governor has accepted four of these recommendations: relief from overcrowding, better food and clothing, and a new prison-guard system. We are glad that he will not abolish the League. It is not less but more self-government that the prisoners need.

> At the end of seven months' struggle to organize, the strikers' toll is six men and one woman killed, twenty-four wounded, seven sentenced to prison for five to twenty years, seven kidnapped, and five flogged by mobs. Not a single one of those responsible for the violence against the strikers has been brought to justice.

THE CASE OF THE TEXTILE WORKERS against the State of North Carolina stands as above, according to the American Civil Liberties Union. The eight deputies lately on trial for second-degree murder for the death of six textile workers have just been acquitted by a mountaineer jury in Burnsville, North Carolina. The strikers were shot in the back; not one of them, according to eye witnesses, carried a gun; the deputies used their guns to disperse a crowd in front of one of the mills at Marion. Their plea was self-defense—against an old man, James Jonas, now dead, who, after the sheriff had thrown tear-gas bombs into the crowd, began to lay about him with his cane, against two or three hundred unarmed workers who had shown no disposition to violence and even when they were shot at had only a desire to get away. The verdict was not a surprise to spectators in the courtroom, nor will it be to anyone who has followed the mill trials so far. The State always wins; the strikers and organizers always lose. But the State may rest assured that, while labor conditions in the South remain what they now are, the bloody struggle will not end.

THE PRESIDENT'S COMMISSION to report upon conditions in Haiti has now been voted by both Houses of Congress. It is, therefore, an accomplished fact. We have never felt that it was really needed, for the real facts as to Haiti and our misgovernment of it could be ascertained easily by Mr. Hoover had he the will to peruse the existing literature on the subject. But he now has his commission; the question now is as to the personnel. Upon that everything will hinge. First of all the appointees should be men capable of entirely detached judgment about the conduct of our officials and the policies under which they have governed. Next there should be at least one representative colored American upon the commission. Our colored fellow-citizens are deeply concerned with the fate of Haiti; there are a number of them, notably Bishop Hurst of Baltimore, familiar with that country and competent to interpret the wishes of the Haitians themselves. If Mr.

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Hoover does as well by the Haitians as he has in naming his new research council on social trends, we shall not fear.

A SPECIAL DISPATCH in the New York *Times* of December 18 stated that Secretary Adams apparently had received a reply from General Smedley D. Butler concerning his Pittsburgh speech on marine rule abroad, but did not intend to make it public. The Administration, the *Times* intimated, was not anxious to magnify the incident. Quite right! Let it die. The public memory is short, anyway. But we beg our readers not to forget that it now stands uncontradicted in the verified newspaper record, and that, if the *Times* account is correct, the Navy Department, with General Butler's report in hand, does not deny, that the marines have elected "our men" in Nicaragua by methods that would have disgraced Philadelphia ward politics in its palmiest days. If the Navy Department is satisfied to let the record stand at that, we are.

THE NOTEWORTHY FEATURE of the banquet held several weeks ago to celebrate the fifth anniversary of the resumption of arbitration in the New York men's clothing industry was the stress laid by all the speakers on the need for a more stabilized industry. Leading retailers of the country, clothing manufacturers, and the union all joined in making a public plea for greater cooperation among the responsible factors in the industry. It is a far cry from discussion of the generalities of industrial relations to the consideration of such problems as the credit risks of the customers of woolen mills, the evils of cancelation, and the public admission by large distributors of the value of labor organization. Lieutenant Governor Lehman said that stabilization of this type of industry was inconceivable without a strong and responsible trade union; and Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers went so far as to predict the creation of an industrial council, composed of all the elements of the industry, which should utilize its moral force for the control of those who refuse to contribute to the welfare of the industry. A survey of the operations of the impartial machinery, made by Jacob Billikopf, the Impartial Chairman, showed how much progress has been made toward the peaceful adjustment of disputes and toward higher standards of living in the industry as a result of the introduction and successful administration of unemployment insurance.

PAUL SCHEFFER, perhaps the foremost German foreign correspondent, who since 1921 has brilliantly represented the *Berliner Tageblatt* in Moscow, has been barred from Russia. The Soviet Government has assured him that there is nothing personal in this, but that it was necessary to establish further the principle that foreign journalists are not "resident" and therefore not covered by a treaty between Russia and Germany which guarantees to Germans permanently resident in Russia the right to return if they journey abroad. The Soviets have even hinted that Herr Scheffer may be allowed to return to Moscow at some later time. In a remarkable first-page editorial Theodor Wolff, editor of the *Tageblatt,* has told the whole story, declaring that the Russian Ambassador to Berlin had for a long time past urged upon him Herr Scheffer's recall. Theodor Wolff sees no possible interpretation for this act save that the Soviets desire to carry on the world revolution "with publicity completely barred." Undoubtedly Herr Scheffer wrote from an intensely German point of view. It is true, also, that from having been an admirer of the Soviet Government he became one of its bitterest critics. His analyses of Soviet economic affairs, while biased, have been among the most searching of any made in Moscow. Fortunately America profits by Moscow's stupid action: Herr Scheffer is hereafter to represent the *Tageblatt* in the United States. In this connection it is to be noted that the Soviets have denied circulation in Russia to our excellent contemporary the *World Tomorrow.*

THE NATIONAL CHILD LABOR Committee, which has just been celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary, deserves the thanks of all good citizens for its notable work in protecting children against the many dangers of premature gainful employment. Its task, however, is only begun. Miss Grace Abbott, chief of the Children's Bureau, which is in some sense an outgrowth of the committee's work, pointed out at the anniversary dinner that when Great Britain in 1931 raises the school-leaving age to fifteen it will be ahead of the United States in preventing interference with education by child labor. In some of our States children of fourteen and fifteen may still work eleven hours a day, or even longer. Our legislative standards do not include all children, and even our most advanced legislation constitutes only a first step in that "program for a wholesome, healthy service to the life of young people" called for by Miss Frances Perkins, Industrial Commissioner of New York. With gratitude for the progress of the past twenty-five years we must gird ourselves for vastly greater effort during the next quarter-century or we shall find ourselves in respect to our children far in the rear of other countries (Russia, for example) which have come to appreciate more highly than we the value of their chief asset.

SPRING FASHIONS ARE OUT. Those persons who have been breathlessly awaiting their coming may take comfort, for they will be rejoiced to learn not only that skirts will be less extreme as to length but less adorned with bows, ruffles, pleats, and gadgets than they have been this fall. Thus the American woman can say triumphantly and loudly that she has won her fight against the Paris couturiers; no longer will she be bound in what she shall wear by the captious and arbitrary notions that emanate from Paris. She can say this and she doubtless will; but will it be true? M. Worth, head of one of the most famous Paris dressmaking establishments, came to New York the other day. He was horrified—not a bit less horrified than Miss Fannie Hurst, Miss Virginia Gildersleeve, and at least half of the editorial staff of *The Nation*—by the prevailing female fashions. "No, no," Mr. Worth cried out in dismay, "Paris never had any such ideas as these. Paris modes for this winter differed, it is true, from those of late years; but not like this; not so long, so intricate, so elaborate, so decorated. These are American adaptations of Paris models. Pfui!" We do not vouch for the above as M. Worth's exact words, but they were indeed his sentiments. And what is the answer to that? If the American woman all by herself invented the clothes she has this winter been seeing in the shops, then she deserves her punishment, which is—to wear them.

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Consolidation—What For?

AFTER almost ten years of travail, the Interstate Commerce Commission has brought forth its plan of railroad consolidation. The Transportation Act of 1920, it will be remembered, required the commission "as soon as practicable" to prepare and adopt a plan for the consolidation of our nineteen-hundred-odd existing railroad companies into a limited number of systems. Competition was to be preserved "as fully as possible." For each system the cost of transportation as related to the value of property used was to be the same, so that under uniform rates they might all earn the same rate of return. The securities of consolidated roads might not exceed the valuation of the roads as fixed by the commission. That body was given no power to require consolidation, but once its plan was adopted, no consolidation might occur that did not conform to the plan.

The plan now published groups the railroads of the country into twenty-one systems, including the Canadian National and Canadian Pacific, making nineteen domestic groups. The commission would establish five trunk-line systems, based on the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Van Sweringen group, and the Wabash, instead of a four-system consolidation. In the Northwest, the Great Northern and Northern Pacific are to merge, but without the Burlington, which is to be the center of an independent system. An important feature of the plan is the proposal for terminals not tied to a particular line, but open to the use of all. The sharp criticism immediately voiced by Professor Ripley and the rumblings of dissatisfaction from railroad and political leaders indicate something of the ordeal the plan will have to face.

No more footless task than the one laid on the commission, we venture to say, was ever given by a legislature to an administrative body. The glaring theoretical inconsistencies that have run through all our railroad legislation, reaching their climax in the much-lauded Transportation Act of 1920, made the preparation of such a plan all but meaningless from the standpoint of the public interest. There are two possible reasons for consolidation: the gain to the public and the gain to the railroads and their financial backers. The first is the only sound reason for commission action; but under the voluntary plan the commission can get results only when the railroads stand to gain. The action of the commission shows clearly its appreciation of the fatuousness of its task. It originally employed Professor Ripley to prepare a tentative plan of consolidation, on which it held extensive hearings and collected fifty-four volumes of testimony. After four years of fruitless attempts to reconcile the conflicting interests of quarreling railroads, it let the matter lapse, and in its report for 1925 asked to be relieved of the task of preparing a comprehensive plan. This request it repeated in 1926, 1927, and 1928. Congress did nothing, and the commission in apparent despair has now proceeded to "prepare and adopt" the plan just given out. It remains to be seen whether the railroads will accept the commission's proposed arrangements in whole or in part, and whether Congress will pass the necessary legislation.

The primary purpose of present consolidation legislation is to make possible a uniform rate structure that will not give excessive profits to strong, well-located roads with good credit, at the same time that it starves weak ones. To accomplish this result, the strong roads must be combined with the weak ones, so that their earnings may go into a common pot. But railroad presidents are not fools; their job is to make money for their stockholders, and incidentally to serve the public in so far as such service will sooner or later increase profits. Therefore they are not going to take over weak roads that will prove a financial burden to them if they can help it, and in justice to their stockholders they ought not to. The only consolidation that is likely under present law, therefore, is consolidation that profits the strong roads. As regards the major issue of combining strong and weak roads, private profit and public gain stand directly opposed to each other. In general the strong roads will not consent to such mergers. Under present law and policies, they cannot be compelled to. Anyone who has followed the consolidation discussion of the past ten years knows that the ruling consideration in every case has been, not the public advantage involved, but the advantage of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the profits of the New York Central, the ambitions of the Van Sweringens, or this or that other private interest.

These are the determining conditions now, and they will continue to be so just as long as the railroads are privately owned. Put nineteen hundred railroads together into nineteen systems, and each system will still try, and will properly try, to make profits for its owners. We shall still have the same conflict of public and private interests that we have now. What we need is a unification of all the roads (not for purposes of operation, but for purposes of accounting) into a great transportation system in which the gains or losses of each particular part shall fall into a subordinate place.

Theoretically, that is what we are trying to get now, but the whole attempt is vitiated by the effort of the roads to get as much as possible for themselves. Witness the millions of dollars and the yet more valuable energy of thousands of able minds expended in the endless controversy over valuation, a controversy completely irrelevant to any public service—irrelevant to anything, indeed, except the gains of railroad owners. Witness the unceasing maneuvers of railroad executives and financiers in their efforts to achieve this or that combination, purely to make private millions, without regard to any public gain or loss involved. Witness the indecent haste with which we scrapped all the remarkable gains of unification achieved during war-time, and the mountain of current misinformation about that experience.

Consolidate the roads further under existing law and theories, and you only strengthen the forces of private interest lying squarely athwart the path of genuine consolidation. Let the strong roads strengthen themselves by consolidation, and you only increase the valuation on which they are going to demand a return. Discussion of the plan may help us to see the opposition of interest between a system of privately owned, profit-making railroads and a public needing a unified railroad system operated to produce adequate transportation at minimum cost.

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India and Its Freedom

A MILESTONE in the history of the East—this the year 1930 may prove to be. Few in the Occident outside of England realize how portentous the next few months may become. They understand vaguely that there is unrest throughout India; that Afghanistan has just been somewhat pacified after a bloody civil war; that in Palestine the bitterness grows between English, Jews, and Arabs; that in Irak, Syria, and a dozen other countries the natives are outspoken against the mandate system or the overlordship of white men, and are more and more determined to free themselves of any foreign yoke or guidance, saying that they, too, prefer, if necessary, bad government of their own to good government by foreigners. As we write comes news of trouble from far-flung spheres of British influence. The British Under Secretary of State for the Colonies has just had to make the humiliating confession that in Southeast Nigeria in West Africa there has been a clash between natives and police in which eighteen natives were shot. The Labor Under Secretary "regretted to announce" that all the casualties *were among women*—an incredibly humiliating confession from an English official! From South Africa the news is very bad. In Natal, where in June last there was a riot at Durban in which over a hundred persons were killed or wounded, the police on November 14 examined 6,000 natives and made 600 arrests; a few days later 700 more arrests were made. Three natives have been wounded in the Transvaal and effigies of Premier Hertzog and General Smuts have been burned. As we write comes the startling news of a bomb meant for the Viceroy's train near Delhi on December 22 and the ominous break-up over the vexed question of dominion status of the preliminary conference between the Indian leaders and the Viceroy.

"The English people in Parliament," wrote Richard Cobden seventy years ago, "have undertaken to be responsible for governing 150,000,000 of people, despotically, in India. They have adopted the principle of a military despotism, and I have no faith in such an undertaking being anything but a calamity and a curse to the people of England." He added that it was "an abiding conviction in my mind that we have entered on an impossible and hopeless career in India." Today it is India that is the touchstone, and it is certainly the irony of fate that it is a Labor government which is to be put to the test by India as to its democracy and its willingness to do justice to a great mass of backward human beings. There are many in England who say today that the life of Ramsay MacDonald's so promising Government depends upon what happens in India. Moreover, the hour is at hand. At this juncture the Indian National Congress is meeting to decide whether the promise lately made to it of ultimate dominion status is to be accepted by the leaders of the Indian people, or whether there will be an immediate declaration of war. Not, of course, physical war, at least not at the beginning; the Indian people are completely disarmed and forbidden under heavy penalties to possess arms. If it comes to a break the struggle will begin with non-cooperation, that is, the refusal to obey laws and to pay taxes. But it is a grave question whether it will be possible to carry on a pacific revolution without eventual bloodshed. A single blunder by a British official; another bloody deed like the massacre at Amritsar; the killing in India of eighteen women in order "to allay unrest," and the fat will be in the fire.

Because we have felt deeply concerned over the situation in India we have, of late, given considerable space to Indian matters. We print two articles elsewhere in this issue presenting contrasted British points of view. No one is better qualified to speak for one side than C. F. Andrews, the foremost British supporter of Mahatma Gandhi, whose recent visits to this country—where he now is—have made him personally known to many Americans. The hope that men like Mr. Andrews held for averting a calamity in India was due to the recent renewal by the present Viceroy of the promise of ultimate dominion status. A year ago the hotheads in the National Congress could barely be held in check by Gandhi; it was only through his efforts that the congress did not demand dominion status at once. We earnestly hope that the patience of the Indian people can be stretched a little farther. Sorely tried as they have been, one more delay seems trifling in comparison with the horrors of a long and bloody struggle.

As to what is best for India each person will, we suppose, decide in accordance with his own particular political philosophy. Those who assume that only men of fair skin can govern properly in India will have their answer ready, and so will all those who have lost faith in democratic doctrines. There is also a great school, notably in England, believing in self-rule and desiring to help the Indian people, which can, however, only point to the possibility, nay, the probability, of religious conflicts and wars among the Indian states, and therefore finds itself unable to carry through to the logical conclusion the principles which it professes to hold. To our minds no compromise is possible. It is the Indian people who must have the final say and no one else. From the day of its foundation this journal has been firmly committed to the doctrine that no amount of good government inflicted upon a people by officials from another country can take the place of self-government, however bad. This may be, as some say, carrying theory to indefensible ends. We can, however, no more yield our position than could the American Abolitionists who were told that if they persisted in their mad demands for freedom for the Negroes the United States would become nothing but a shambles.

So we are for having the people of India achieve freedom by the peaceful means of Gandhi. Any other course will obscure the issue, rouse the bitterest and vilest human passions, and give to the imperialists of Great Britain the very excuse they seek to renew what Cobden himself characterized as the English "game of fraud, violence, and injustice in Asia." But however the issue may come out in the immediate future the fact is, in our judgment, that the day of white supremacy in backward and undeveloped countries is drawing to a close, if only because of the lessons of hypocrisy and deceit and wholesale murder which the superior races taught to their inferiors from 1914 to 1918.

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Bargain-Counter Fame

TWO members of *The Nation* staff have received a letter which informs the recipient that he has been selected as one of The World's Most Useful Persons. Careful investigation reveals the fact that at least $100 must be forwarded to the Centenarian Club of East Aurora, New York, before the names can be publicly entered upon the roll of honor, but the distinction is so great and the cost, comparatively speaking, so little that we have decided to pass the details on to our readers. We are inclined to suspect that "most useful" means only "most useful to the gentlemen who receive the checks," but that explanation will probably not be printed, and we suggest that any members of our public who need honor more than they need a hundred dollars try sending draft, money order, or stamps to Mr. St. Clair Baxton, secretary of the association. We are not cynics but we do suspect that almost anybody with the needful cash will be discovered to have claims quite as authentic as the two editors of *The Nation*.

Judge Henry Neil, somewhat awkwardly described as "the father of mothers' pensions," is the president of the club and its purpose is to prolong the lives of the most useful persons by teaching them to subsist upon a rational diet. Anyone who pays, not $100 but $10,000, automatically becomes so exceedingly useful that the association will undertake to feed him at its own scientific table for the rest of his useful life, and it offers specimen menus—in which turnips, tomatoes, and spinach play a prominent part—to show what it will do for him. But even we humbler, hundred-dollar members are not neglected, for "every man, woman, or child who enrols as a member of the Centenarian Club becomes—a potential centenarian, and can look forward to an extended life of happy, healthy usefulness." He can also, it seems, contemplate the list of useful persons kindly supplied and take comfort in the undenied assumption that he is in the same class with Calvin Coolidge and Charles Chaplin, Herbert Hoover and Bernarr Macfadden, Anton Lang and Mussolini—all of whom appear on the list.

Only once does Judge Neil seem to us to have become a little confused in his logic. He is enlarging upon the joys of longevity and upon the importance of diet in attaining it when he inadvertently remarks that improper eating habits kept many at home with bad health when they should have been fighting for their country in the last great war. At this point we paused and, after a little reflection, tore up the check we were about to mail. We *do* want to live to be a hundred and we might even be willing to eat turnips to do it, but surely bullets are even more dangerous than proteins and it strikes us as undeniable that the sickly who stayed home had a far better chance of becoming centenarians than the turnip-eaters who went to battle. And so, instead of joining the centenarians at East Aurora, we think we shall form a club of our own and formulate a dietary program guaranteed to give our members some form of indigestion entirely incompatible with life in the army. Dyspepsia may not be pleasant, and it certainly is not patriotic to prefer ill health to the soldier's glorious death, but if it's long life that one is looking for one had better not be too robust when the next war comes around.

The Night After Christmas

THE joyful Christmas season has once more come and gone. We have had the usual plum-pudding stomach-aches and depleted-bank-account headaches. We have heard shouts of joy about Christmas from the young and moans of distress from the old. We have listened to the customary pleas from earnest persons to remember what Christmas really means—as if anyone in the world could state the meaning, after some two thousand years, of so complicated a festival, so deeply interwoven with the thought and behavior of millions of persons and dozens of nations. The Soviet Government, in its bold, refreshing way, has decided to abolish not only Christmas but Sunday. Four days of work, one of rest: that is, in so far as it is enforceable, to be the Soviet program henceforth.

But whatever our distaste for Christmas on the morning after, we can learn something from it about the state of America. Thus we read of a lady in San Francisco who bought for a Christmas present to a certain gentleman an emerald ring costing $240,000. We hear the story of another lady, also anxious to make a present to a gentleman, who after consulting with a famous jeweler in New York about just the right sort of distinguished gift that should properly represent her sentiments, decided on a knife, fork, and soup spoon (because "his favorite dish is soup") of platinum with a monogram in diamonds, all for $1,500. This would seem to indicate that the recent stock-market disaster had not been quite universal. But wait: the New York *Times* is having a hard time collecting its fund for the Hundred Neediest Cases; unless by the end of the collection period unprecedented strides are made in the fund, it will fall short of last year's total. Charity, the first of the luxuries, seems to be dropping behind. Thus also we are told that a lady in search of an ermine wrap for her daughter offered considerably less than the price demanded by one couturier, was refused, and made the same offer to another who accepted it gladly. And when she got home, after making her purchase, the first salesman was on the telephone, telling her that the firm had changed its mind and would sell her the cloak for the sum she had named!

Not too much can be deduced from so short a list of incidents. But probably they are not alone of their kind. In so far as they are significant at all, they indicate first that Christmas giving is over-lavish, ostentatious, and vulgar; second, that the decline in the value of investments has first of all reduced gifts for charity; and third, that while the middle-class and middle-price shops may have done as large a Christmas business as usual, the luxury trades were hard enough hit to wish to take any price they could get for what they had to sell. These deductions put one in a strangely sympathetic frame of mind toward the Soviet system. If Christmas is to be no more than an unintelligent redistribution of wealth where it is not needed, then would it not be simpler to abolish it altogether? Four days of work; one day of rest. On the day after Christmas how simple, sweet, and desirable that seems!

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

HERE it is 1930, or thereabouts, and I must make a resolution to lose a deal of weight. Dieting is difficult and I don't play handball. The best sort of exercise is of the sort which can be introduced easily into the daily life of the victim. I think I'll endeavor to adopt the foreign custom of kissing ladies' hands. Let me admit at the beginning that I realize this is much more difficult than it seems. I don't expect to be an expert without long and protracted practice. Many years ago Rudyard Kipling wrote a short story in which he dealt not unkindly with an expatriate American who was endeavoring to become Anglicized. Just what happened to him is unimportant as far as we are concerned, but in the course of the tale Kipling ventured the remark that when an American had succeeded in learning a golf swing, correct and full, he was to all practical purposes a Briton. Of course, at that time Bobby Jones was not yet born and Hagen was a small boy. Within Mr. Kipling's lifetime dozens of Americans learned to master a coordinated movement which the novelist felt could never be conquered by any save those who were British by birth or spiritual alliance. And so, though I am inept in the beginning, it may be that within ten years observers will comment, "I wonder why these clumsy foreigners can't kiss a lady's hand the way that Broun does."

If a nation can learn a movement as difficult as the full St. Andrew's swing there is no reason why any one of us should despair of being able to kiss a lady's hand with both propriety and grace. Possibly propriety is not exactly the word I want. The average American, as things are now, goes about the business all wrong or nearly so. He raises the hand to his lips instead of bending over it. The spirit is that of a hurried diner at a buffet lunch rather than of reverence and adoration. It is no fun for the lady and no exercise for the man. Everybody knows that we do not bend nearly enough. There is in our land insufficient romance and too much waist line. We should seize eagerly upon a custom which promises to promote the one and reduce the other.

Not a few of our good citizens engage each morning in exercises designed to promote suppleness of figure. The daily dozen still has an honored place in the national regime. But this is mechanical. Setting-up exercises are hardly ever done with honest zest. It is my impression that muscles do best when they are moved about more or less unconsciously.

It would be better by far for a man to kiss somebody's hand twelve times a day than to put the same number of foot pounds of energy into the rather dull pastime of touching the floor of his bedroom with his fingertips. In the beginning of my plan it may be necessary to kiss the same hand twelve times. Twelve different hands would be better for the circulation, but nobody should attempt too much at the start. In looking about for fair and friendly persons having available hands a man could get lots of air, plenty of walking, and possibly even a little running.

It is not well to stress too much the purely utilitarian side of the practice. There is need in our life of some new form of greeting or farewell. It seems to me that the handshake is one of the least satisfactory contacts ever hit upon by man. Unless a terrific effort is thrown into the procedure there's no warmth in a handshake. I would be perfectly willing to shake hands with my worst enemy just before he turned to stab me in the back. To me this would not seem unduly treacherous, for a handshake should commit no one to anything. Only rarely is a circuit set up. "Excuse my glove," which is used in northern New York and, I am told, in some parts of Ohio, is silly. There's nothing particularly personal in a handshake even when the leather is absent. Why apologize?

The people who have tried to make the handshake significant have all failed grossly. And they deserved their failures. There is the man who endeavors to put sincerity into his clasp by crushing some of the smaller bones in the hand entrusted to him. Practically every state in the Union now has a law which provides that it is not homicide if you kill him immediately after the break.

And there is the lingerer. He does not put any crushing force into the grip but just hangs on. By mere duration he hopes to suggest some deeper note of feeling. But I have been told that many go away merely impressed with the belief that the poor fellow is fearfully absent-minded. "May I have my hand back now, if you please," has been enough to discourage whole regiments of lingerers. No, the thing is preposterous. Not Hercules himself or Percy Shelley could make a handshake passionate.

Still it isn't passion I had so much on my mind as warmth and friendliness. A kiss can be a very adequate expression of the more eager emotions. And this is the very fact which limits its utility. I am glad to hear that casual kissing is making great advances. When I was a young man, kissing was reserved exclusively for relatives and it was far too good for them. And if she was not your cousin then you had to marry her on the first convenient Monday in order to make an honest woman of her.

The old censure lying against all those who kiss and tell is another indication of how important the kiss must have been back in the days when Rostand called it a rose-red dot over the "i" in "loving." Suppose you do tell? What on earth have you got to make into an anecdote? People now kiss without commitments. In earlier days, judging by the current comedies, to kiss was to surrender. The hero and the heroine never kissed until just before the final curtain. If they had done so earlier it might have created a bad impression. And the old-style problem play had a kiss in it in the middle of the big third-act scene. This also meant something very important, but I can't remember what.

We need the kiss upon the hand or something which can stand between the handshake and the more orthodox native kiss. You never can tell just how that will turn out. Not infrequently one gets more than he bargains for—or very much less. It would not be a good thing, for instance, for a business man to start the day by kissing all his employees in turn. But he might very possibly kiss their hands. That would improve his figure and it couldn't very well do the young ladies in the office any harm. HEYWOOD BROUN

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Farm Relief Meets an Enemy

By ROBERT S. ALLEN

Washington, December 18

THE farm-relief act that the special session of Congress enacted this summer with such solemn assurance of great deeds to come has not had long to wait for its test. The long fight between the grain dealer and the grain grower, that has been productive of so much political and economic history in the Northwest, has forced the issue. On its outcome rests the question of the integrity of the government in this legislation. If the grain farmers win their fight, then the live-stock, the fruit, the cotton, and other growers may hope to win when their turn comes to organize effective marketing agencies. If the grain producers lose, then the others have no chance. Whatever the result, it is certain to have far-reaching political and economic effect.

The immediate fight centers around the program of the Farm Board to set up a farmer-owned and farmer-controlled grain marketing and stabilization structure. In its larger aspect the fight is the old, old struggle between the farmer endeavoring to organize the selling end of his business under his own ownership and management, and the commission man, who, possessing the great bulk of the terminal and storage facilities, to say nothing of credit, has for so long taken millions of dollars yearly in tolls from the producers, using every political and economic resource to break up the farmers' movement. Heretofore the machinery for the marketing of grain, from the elevators in which the grain is stored to the establishment of prices and the grading of grains, has been controlled, directly or indirectly, by commission firms holding seats on the grain exchanges or boards of trade in Minneapolis, Duluth, and Chicago. The Farm Board, having acquired membership on the Chicago Board of Trade through its purchase of a brokerage house, the Rural Grain Company, is apparently preparing the way for farmers' cooperatives to keep the marketing of their grain wholly in their own control. This has not served to lessen the alarm of the dealers.

In this fight, the farmer has certain advantages never before on his side. Two decades ago, when wheat producers of the Northwest organized the ill-fated Equity Cooperative Exchange, they had everyone and everything against them—the politicians, the banks, the merchants, their own inexperience, and above all the power and organization of the dealers. The breakdown of this organization was the object of an investigation in 1924 by the Federal Trade Commission. Senator Gerald P. Nye, in a speech before the Senate on December 9, said:

> This report [of the Federal Trade Commission] sets forth in no uncertain terms the charge that the Equity Cooperative Exchange was wrecked through a program of conspiracy and agreement among the people associated in the grain trade by boycott and by threats of boycott and by a general program of sabotage to hinder, embarrass, and destroy the business of the cooperative. It succeeded in its low work, just as it has succeeded in stamping out competition whenever it should show its head in the form of farmers' cooperative marketing agencies.

The situation has changed since then. The ten-year agricultural depression has hit farmer, merchant, and banker alike. The years of agricultural agitation brought new political forces into influence, the Non-Partisan League, the Farmer-Labor Party, the La Follette Progressive Party, giving the farmer in both State and national politics a militant and enlightened representation. And with Congressional elections looming in the approaching months the farmers are in a position to make their protest effective.

In Congress and in the farm belt the situation is being closely observed and talked about. Reports from the Northwest are to the effect that there is greater interest in the outcome of the fight between the grain men and the Farm Board than in the tariff bill. The politicians, caught between the grim determination of the farmers and the frantic outcries of the grain dealers, are anxiously observing developments. The issue is clear-cut; and the farmers know this. Both sides cannot win. If the Farm Board's plan goes through successfully, then the grain dealer loses. If he wins, then the farmer loses. The farm-relief legislation becomes a farce, the Farm Board an innocuous and futile agency, and agriculture faces again the task of renewing its struggle for effective collective bargaining.

Senator Nye put the matter squarely in a discussion of the issue on the Senate floor:

> The Farm Board has come to grips with a farm foe of great strength and influence. It is being bombarded without let-up by organized interests which are leaving no stone unturned, no string of influence unpulled in an effort to embarrass or halt the Farm Board in that body's program looking to what now seems to be genuine farm relief. . . .
>
> By its action the Farm Board has made it clear that the only way for agriculture to win is to supplant the grain-trade operators with farmer-controlled marketing machinery. . . .
>
> While the Farm Board has ignored the more personal interests of the grain trade, it has been apparent that the board has sought to play fair with the trade. The board has realized that the trade owned terminal and elevator facilities which should under no circumstances be confiscated but which instead could well be utilized by the new cooperative machinery. . . . The grain trade did stand to lose . . . but to lose what? To lose, primarily, that opportunity to sit in the doorway and collect unearned tolls from the producers of grain. . . .
>
> With their backs to the wall the grain trade takes its last stand. Will they accomplish their purpose in the end, or will this administration, through the Farm Board, demonstrate to the farm people of the Northwest that at last they do have a helping hand from their government, after their years of struggle with the grain trade which has never contributed anything to the farmers?

Senator Nye introduced into the *Congressional Record* a letter that farmer friends had sent him, written by a grain commission firm in Minneapolis and sent out presumably to all grain-elevator men throughout the Northwest urging revolt against the program of the Farm Board. To offset

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credit pressure on the farmers the board has had to make funds available to cooperatives which have been called upon by commission houses either to pay outstanding loans without delay or to sign five-year grain contracts.

So far the farmer leaders declare that there has been no yielding on the part of the Farm Board. It is true that from certain Republican quarters assurances have come to them that the board's plans do not contemplate the elimination of the private grain trade. Alexander Legge, former president of the International Harvester Company, who is chairman of the board and the leader in its cooperative marketing program, has himself said this, although admitting that if its plans go through the farmer will dominate the grain-marketing system. The farm leaders are warm in their praise of Mr. Legge's work. They declare that he is carrying on courageously and ably. He has won their hearty approval not only by his work in directing the setting up of the grain-marketing organization, but by his stepping in at the time of the stock-market collapse in October and fixing a price of $1.25 a bushel for wheat. According to Senator Nye, the grain trade would have forced the price down to sixty or seventy cents a bushel.

Julius Barnes, who is a grain exporter on a large scale and now, as chairman of the board of directors of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, head of Mr. Hoover's business men's council, has interested himself in the commission men's case. He has gone with them to confer with Mr. Legge. Mr. Barnes, summoned before the Senate lobby investigating committee, declared that his sole purpose was to act as a conciliator. But to the farmer there is nothing to conciliate, and he does not trust Mr. Barnes, whose association with the grain men has done more perhaps than anything else to arouse the growers.

The Farm Board is trying, by means of a central Farmers' Grain Corporation, to set up a national cooperative grain-marketing structure. All the cooperatives, with regional units reaching down to the individual elevators and farmers, would belong to it. It would be backed by a $500,000,000 fund obtained direct from the federal treasury. The economic effect of such an organization, if successful, is a moot question. Some economists maintain that it would inevitably mean ever-increasing acreage and mounting overproduction; but the farmers assert that that is a problem which they will tackle when it arises. The issue now, they declare, is whether they will be permitted to organize their own marketing or whether the private dealers will once again triumph over them. That to them is the test; on that question they are waging their fight.

The Radio Corporation in the News

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, December 21

CHRISTMAS is here, and the spirit of good-will and forgiveness has descended on the Senate, erasing hatreds, banishing partisanship, and uprooting the most formidable conscientious scruples. Doubtless this explains the ease with which Old Joe Grundy was able to sidle into a Senate seat which had been so strenuously defended against the contaminating presence of poor Bill Vare. Doubtless, too, it explains the generous majorities by which Albert L. Watson and Clarence J. Hopkins were confirmed as federal judges, although there are cynics who contend that the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Kansas Anti-Saloon League are even more potent in such matters than the Yuletide spirit. As for me, I decline to surrender my illusions, and one of the most touching scenes I have yet witnessed was that in which Old Joe helped to make his own dream come true by voting to confirm Watson, who was originally picked at a conference in Old Joe's own room at the Mayflower Hotel. And yet, if there is a Santa Claus who remembers deserving politicians, why does not someone remind him of Claudius Huston, Chairman of the Republican National Committee and trusted friend of President Hoover, who has just suffered the bad fortune to be sued in the District of Columbia Supreme Court for $88,000? The plaintiff is Guy Standifer, wealthy shipbuilder and sportsman, and a vast deal of mystery surrounds the action. It is doubly unfortunate that the incident should have occurred just when the Senate Lobby Investigating Committee was unearthing the $75,000 fee which another friend of the President, E. P. Shattuck, received from the Cuban sugar lobby. Mr. Hoover seems to have bad luck with his friends!

SPEAKING of bad luck—it is not all reserved for Presidents, and may even overtake a deserving and industrious newspaper reporter if his industry happens to outrun his knowledge of his employer's financial connections. This painful discovery recently was made by Frank K. Boal, Washington correspondent of the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* and six other papers owned by the illustrious Paul Block. Mr. Boal obtained from a responsible government official certain information tending further to emphasize the Administration's deep and well-known displeasure with Charles E. Mitchell, president of the National City Bank of New York, and suggesting that Mitchell might soon retire from that position. He scheduled the story to the seven Block papers, and all seven accepted and published it. Very soon thereafter the editor of the *Post-Gazette* called Boal by telephone to say that Mr. Block was extremely angry over the publication, and was demanding the name of his informant. The reporter replied that he was pledged to confidence on the name, but would divulge it to his employer if the latter would let it go no further. That pledge not being forthcoming, the reporter stood his ground, and five days later was summarily discharged. In less than a week he received a call from a gentleman who identified himself as an emissary of the bank. He related that Block was under financial obligations to Mitchell, but insisted that the bank had not sought Boal's discharge. He failed to get the name of Boal's informant, and so far Boal hasn't got another job.

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THIS salutary example may or may not be responsible for the curious manner in which the recent radio hearings before the Senate Committee on Interstate Com-

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merce have been reported—or, rather, unreported—in the vast majority of the daily papers. Unless the reader happens to subscribe to a paper using the Universal News Service, or to a certain great Middle Western daily which modesty forbids me to name, he or she will be greatly surprised to learn the turn which those hearings have taken. Others know only that the majestic Owen D. Young appeared before the committee, demanding permission to merge the transoceanic cable and radio systems and the domestic telegraph lines in one gigantic communications monopoly, on the ground that they are unable, in their divided state, to compete successfully with "the British monopoly"; that he reiterated the familiar story that the Radio Corporation of America was organized from patriotic motives at the instance of President Wilson; and that majestically he departed with the plaudits of a grateful Senate ringing in his ears. With that much everyone is familiar. Now for the sadly neglected facts. Subsequent questioning of Mr. Young's less sanctified subordinates disclosed that the Radio Corporation's nationally advertised and constantly reiterated claim that it was "founded at the request of the United States Government" rests on nothing more substantial than the statement —itself disputed—that President Wilson in 1919 asked the General Electric Company not to sell certain radio patents to the British Marconi Company; and that subsequent to the organization of the Radio Corporation an admiral of the navy asked and received the President's permission to attend some of the board meetings as an observer. That is absolutely all! Under a cross-examination of the sort which his chief had magically been spared, Manton Davis, vice-president and general counsel of the company, admitted that President Wilson had "neither asked nor suggested its organization," but that he and his associates organized it "on their own motion and of their own volition." So much for that story.

* * * * *

NEXT, under similar cross-examination William Winterbottom, who occupies the comparatively humble but highly practical position of traffic manager of the R.C.A. communications system, admitted that competition between American communication lines and those of that ogre, "the British merger," actually exists nowhere in the world. He did speak of competition in the Pacific with a cable "whose ownership is largely British," but further questioning quickly revealed that the cable in question is a part of the International Telephone and Telegraph system, with which the Radio Corporation wishes to unite in competition against the British! And there in the stenographic record of the hearings lies the wreckage of Mr. Young's case—buried from the eyes of all the world excepting that portion of the public which I have named. With it are buried many other interesting facts. For example, there is the fact that competition between radio and the cables—which Mr. Young seeks to end—has universally resulted in reduction of rates, ranging from 20 to 35 per cent. There is the fact that the R.C.A. refuses to sell communicating apparatus, of which it has a manufacturing monopoly, to anyone who might set up a competing communications system. There is the fact that it refuses to sell transmitting tubes to owners of broadcasting stations who build the rest of their apparatus instead of buying it from R.C.A. There is the fact that in licensing the use of its patents to other manufacturers of receiving sets, it not only required them originally to pay royalties on the sets, but also on the hardwood cabinets in which they were encased, and even on the packing boxes in which they were shipped. This was delightfully described by Mr. Young as "requiring them to pay their share of the cost of research."

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ALTHOUGH interesting, the foregoing are comparative trifles, involving only a few millions a year. What impressed me most was the financial "set-up" for the proposed merger of the R.C.A. communications system with the I. T. and T. It is admitted that the actual physical value of the radio facilities involved is not more than $25,000,000. In exchange for them, however, the R.C.A. would receive I. T. and T. stock having a present market value of approximately $100,000,000. Assuming that a monopoly in international communications was established, and that the government could regulate its rates (which is highly doubtful), the question arises as to what valuation would be allowed, as a rate basis, for that $25,000,000 worth of radio facilities. Mr. Young and General Harbord modestly suggested a valuation of $40,000,000 and a rate that would return 8 per cent on that figure. Such a valuation would include "intangible assets" such as "going value"—although it is obvious to a child that the going value of the system rests wholly on a gift from the public which would pay the rates, viz., the wave lengths and licenses to operate. Also, it would include the cost of unproductive research and of patents that are obsolete or useless. Senator Couzens aptly described this as "capitalizing your own mistakes." Personally, observing the market value of the I. T. and T. stock that would be exchanged for the property, I entertain grave doubts that the stockholders would even be content with a valuation of $40,000,000. Most refreshing of all the testimony was that of the extremely candid and forthright David Sarnoff, executive vice-president of the R.C.A. In effect, he said the company is able, through its manufacturing monopoly, to keep other people out of the radio-communications business; therefore the government should waste no wave lengths on "John Smith and Bill Jones," but give all of them to the R.C.A. He said that certain regulatory laws now on the federal statute books interfere with the plans of the R.C.A.; therefore they should be repealed at once. He said, finally, that these continual investigations of its methods by the Federal Trade Commission, the Department of Justice, and the committees of Congress had been extremely irritating to the R.C.A., and that they should be discontinued once and for all. Poor Mr. Sarnoff! I liked him immensely for his frankness, but I shudder to think of the result when his testimony is read and dissected and elaborated on the floor of the Senate. Unless the temper of that body alters greatly under the mellowing influence of Senator Grundy, the communications monopoly is further away than ever. Indeed, the legislation, if any, which ensues from these hearings is likely to include either a prohibition on the sort of propaganda that has lately been broadcast over the National and Columbia chains by William Hard and Fred Wile, or a provision for some form of antidote. Hard's offensive attacks on the Senate and his incredible defense of Vare and Grundy—all thinly disguised as humor—have provoked tremendous resentment not only in the committee but in the entire Senate.

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The National City Fiasco

By C. W.

ONE of the most interesting consequences of the recent collapse in the stock market was the last-moment failure of the National City Bank and the Corn Exchange Bank Trust Company to achieve the merger to which the whole financial world had been looking forward for several inflated weeks. The December issue of the National City's *Letter* gives the incident a formal explanation, which has been generally reprinted by the press. When the biggest bank in the country slips at the very point of becoming the biggest in the world, its explanation of the mishap is news.

The incident itself was dramatic. It involved the failure of the shareholders of the National City to ratify the action of their officials and directors, the willingness of the officials and directors to have their action left unratified, the chagrin of the Corn Exchange shareholders at the loss of a chance to sell their property for about $100,000,000 more than it was worth in the market, and the devastation of the prestige of Mr. Charles E. Mitchell, who was separated by but one step from making his financial organization the most powerful in the world as it was already the most aggressive. The explanation published by the National City tells nothing really new, but makes the best of a bad situation with characteristic boldness. It conscientiously points out—what its readers already know—that final authority in a corporation lies with the stockholders, and that certain acts, such as a merger with another corporation, require that authority specifically. It does not point out, however, that Mr. Mitchell's bargain turned out to be such a poor one that he had to acquiesce in its abandonment, or that being forced to let stockholders pull a corporation out of a hole the management got into is unusually painful, especially when the management is of the sort that ordinarily sees to it that whatever it starts gets finished. But candor is not a prominent virtue in business. Sometimes, as in this case, the truth reflects most indelicately on the judgment of responsible persons. Mr. Mitchell and the other officers of his organization are supposed to know a great deal about investment values and to practise in their management a stern, unpitiful technique. Yet in the merger agreement they had drawn up, they had provided not only for an exchange of the shares of the two banks, which is ordinarily all that the situation requires, but also as alternative they optimistically and generously provided for outright payment to the widows and orphans and others who own the Corn Exchange stock a price *in cash* which was almost six times its book value and almost sixty times its earnings. Almost anyone today will tell you sagaciously that sixty times earnings is too much to pay for anything. But the National City's offer was made many weeks ago when we were still in "a new economic era." Extravagant as it seems now, the option to take cash would have been accepted by few if any at the time it was arranged; but by the time the agreement came to be ratified it would have been accepted by everyone.

But the most impressive part of the whole affair is this: the National City Bank, with all its resources of statistical information, economic counsel, long experience, and unhampered executive ability, failed to see the deflation that was at hand. For that matter, no one else saw it, either, except those who had been seeing it inveterately for the past two years, but a concern as important as the National City is expected to see such things and see them accurately. Reasonably or unreasonably, its managers are supposed to be able to do what others cannot. And when they turn out to be as blind as the utterly sightless, people wonder what it is that all those salaries are supposed to pay for. Rumors have persisted that many of Mr. Mitchell's shareholders feel that his usefulness to the bank has been fatally impaired by this unfortunate miscarriage of judgment, but if he should relinquish the headship of his organization, he would undoubtedly be succeeded by an inferior in ability. Mr. Mitchell may be charged with making one big mistake, but scores of other financial executives have done nothing, and by doing nothing have allowed banking to be more and more cluttered with over-stuffed furniture and vice-presidents, and more and more sterilized with privilege. Mr. Mitchell has been imaginative and unconventional. Without intending probably to do more than make money he has done as much as any one except Mr. Giannini to socialize banking. From his position at the helm of the biggest bank in the country he has seen past the business of millionaires—which is the butt and sea-mark of most bankers' utmost sail—to that of clerks and laborers.

The National City—a bank whose resources are practically two billions of dollars, whose organization spreads over the whole earth, whose aggressive tactics make its otiose competitors squirm—began a year ago to lend to common people in small amounts at reasonable interest. It began selling securities to even the least investor. It established a fund for the cultural education as well as the practical training of its employees, and one of its three first beneficiaries is being put through college. Leaving aside the question of motive, the facts are significant in business evolution. If the National City as a consequence of the hurt to its *amour propre* decides to draw in its horns and sulk among the fossils who have found its policies too realistic and progressive, it will be extremely unfortunate, because in banking more than in any other kind of business there is need of organizations that have the courage and intelligence to make experiments. The tradition of responsibility is so strong among good bankers that they are afraid of any deviation from the established rule, and their sensitiveness is pretty well justified by the fact that they are after all dealing with other people's money and are under obligation to return it on demand. But deviations of a systematic sort must be made, for it is only thus that banking can be adapted to the changing requirements of a changing society. Consequently, the errors of those who are courageous enough to attempt new things are regrettable not merely for the immediate embarrassment suffered by the banks concerned, but for the set-back to the spirit of experimentation upon which improvement depends.

In this instance, all that has been checked, so far as we know, is the plan to make the National City the biggest bank in the world. And as for that, one may perfectly well ask what it has to do with improvement of banking. What is the

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use of being big? Why should banks merge, anyway? The explanations they themselves publish on such occasions tell nothing, they are so full of anxiety to soothe the public. Their faithful repetition of one another's verbiage would lead one to suppose that banks were run by parrots; which may be substantially correct, yet still leaves the problem of mergers obscure. Probably the real explanation is that even parrots do not either control or understand their destiny, and often do things they never meant to do. So with bankers. So with Mr. Mitchell and his unintended socialization of banking. So for that matter with business in general. When one contemplates the disorderly, ineffective, purposeless way in which man goes about satisfying his economic needs—calling the thing he does "business"—one is convinced without reference to geology or astronomy that society must be very, very young. But the efforts society makes are never the last word, any more than the fumblings of babies are unrelated to the dexterity of grown people. Even if it is impossible as yet to see much order in the development of civilization from the point of view of mankind as a whole, it is certainly true that particular eras have grown or are now growing with an orderly growth which transcends the individual.

All this applies to mergers. They may be effected in order to gratify vanity and personal ambition, but such personal reasons are not ultimate. The "growing point" of business evolution will always be appearing in some accidental event, in itself unforeseen and unpredictable. Consequently it is reasonable to believe that the circumstances which prevented the merger of the largest bank in New York with the most profusely branched bank in New York and which upset one or two less important combinations by no means closed a movement. The National City and the Corn Exchange will probably not merge with one another, after the falling out they have had, but they will inevitably merge somewhere, and so will their competitors.

The immediate reason for this is that the forces of competition always seek an equilibrium, and if equilibrium at the old level is destroyed it will be sought on a new one. The bank mergers that have occurred recently in New York and in the country at large destroyed old balances of power and dislocated old connections. If they had been merely separate and unrelated phenomena, they might have stopped at any moment like the ticking of a clock. But as a matter of fact they were all intimately interrelated parts of a general movement by no means peculiar to banking. The First and Second National have to combine because the Third and Fourth are combining, and the Third and Fourth combine because the Fourth has a kind of business and a type of management that the Third needs. When such a disturbance is started, and new strains and new inequalities are created, a long process of smoothing down is inevitable before new truces are attained. And back of this are still greater forces. The imperfections of our economic organization are so great, and the social requirements upon it are so taxing that the secular pressure upon business seems certain not to be suddenly relaxed. To the extent that mergers are the responses to such secular pressure and occur therefore as evolutionary changes, we may be confident that they are not at an end. And in banking they may begin again at any time, assuming indeed that they can even be said to have stopped.

A Substitute for Lynching

By HORACE B. DAVIS

EDUCATED opinion the country over is all but unanimous in its public disapprobation of lynching. Southern newspapers are no less emphatic than those of the North on the subject; representative gatherings of Southern educators and Southern white women have gone on record condemning the crime in the strongest terms. Perhaps as a result of this agitation, lynchings have been decreasing for a generation. Whereas in 1892 no less than 235 persons were reported as having been lynched, the number fell to ninety-seven in 1902, eighty-nine in 1912, and sixty-one in 1922. From 1923 to 1927 the average number per year was under twenty-three, and in 1928 only eleven lynchings were reported. In the first six months of 1929 there were reports of only four lynchings, including that of N. G. Romey, white, a grocer, at Lake City, Florida. Not since records of lynchings were kept have there been so few. While the actual number is probably greater than reported, the record undoubtedly is more complete now than formerly.*

The deduction is often made that terrorization of the colored race in the South is decreasing also, and that Negroes enjoy greater security of life and limb than ever before. This, however, is not necessarily the case; our preoccupation with lynching as the most terrible form of murder has led us to overlook the fact that other forms are in the aggregate far more important. The same white public opinion that condemns lynchings will frequently be found sympathizing privately with murder when this has as its object the suppression of "sassy niggers." An incident which took place in Alabama during 1928 will serve to illustrate this point.

Matt Lucas was a highly skilled mechanic in the Westfield plant of the Tennessee Coal, Iron, and Railroad Company. This plant, which is one of the United States Steel Corporation's finest, is located just beyond the city limits of Birmingham. Even the whites brought their automobiles to Lucas to be fixed up over the week-end. But in the plant, in spite of his admitted ability, he could not rise above the rank of millwright's helper. He felt that he was entitled to promotion and was being discriminated against on account of his color, and he did not hesitate to say so. Lucas was married and lived in House 518 B, in Westfield, a town owned and controlled by the Tennessee Coal, Iron, and Railroad Company. He was thirty-four years old, a loud talker, completely unafraid of white folks and quite ready to answer them back, an unforgivable crime for a Negro in the South. On February 9, 1928, Matt Lucas was drunk. His wife tried to persuade him not to go to work, but he went nevertheless. When he got to the plant, he was ordered to go home.

* All figures are from Dr. Monroe N. Work, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

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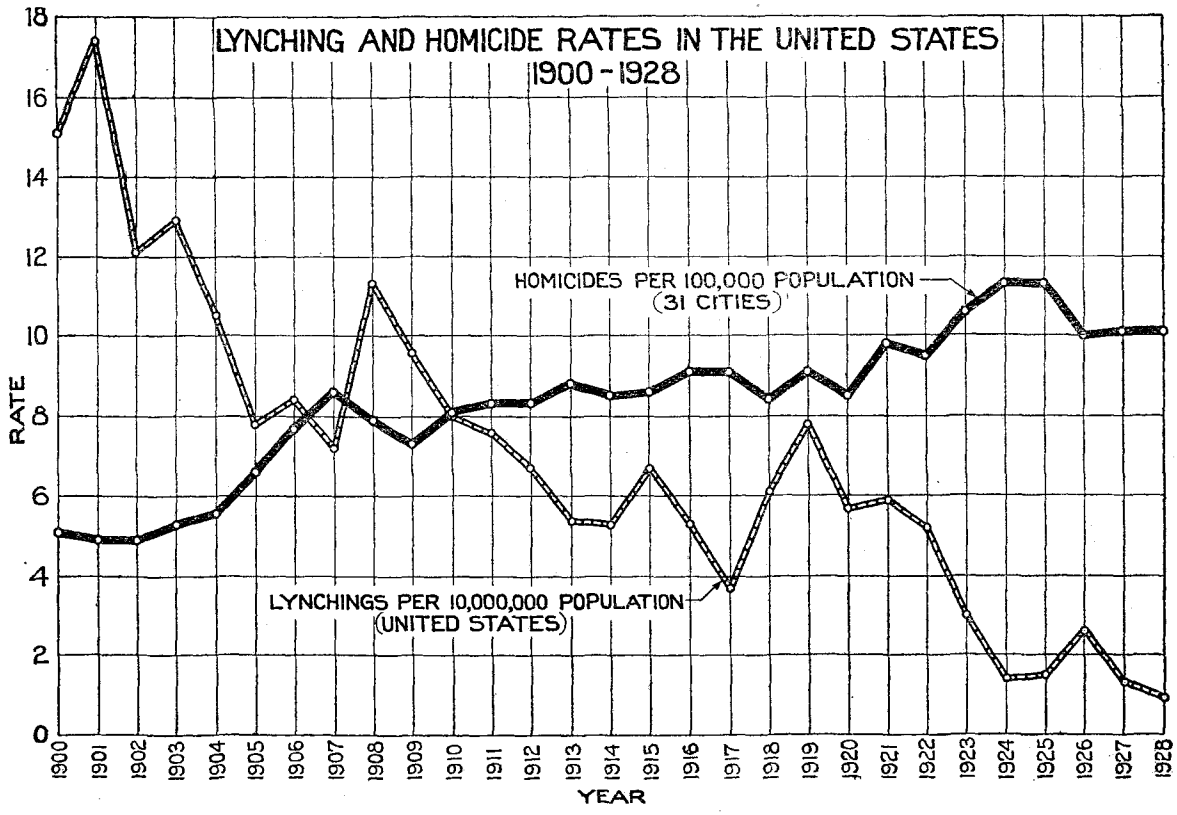

He did not obey at first, and some high words and threats seem to have passed on both sides. Eventually he went home. Soon after his wife had with some difficulty got him into bed, there was a knock at the door. The company guards had come for Matt. They took him outside and pumped him full of lead. Deputy Coroner J. J. Crowe turned in a verdict of "justifiable homicide."

His wife withdrew immediately to Montgomery, leaving her three children with her mother in Westfield. She brought suit against the company for her husband's death. The company, attempting to settle out of court, offered $300; Mr. Frank W. Smith of Birmingham, handling the case for Hill, Hill, Whiting, Thomas, and Rives of Montgomery, demanded $1,500; a compromise was reached, in May, on $750. All of this sum, according to Mrs. Lucas, went for the funeral and legal expenses. The guards who killed Lucas were not indicted at all. Out of five men who were involved in the disgraceful affair, two were still in the employ of the company in June, 1929, two had quit without notice, and one, who was not directly involved in the killing, had been discharged. The company paid the money to Lucas's widow, it explained, not because it admitted "legal responsibility" for the act, but "merely as a means of preventing the uncertainty of what a court action will result in."

Attorney Smith on his part was glad enough not to have the case get into court. His attitude was not due to any lack of zeal. Mr. Smith is proud of the fact that his grandfather was the first Confederate volunteer from Jefferson County; but he has acquired a high reputation among Negroes as counselor and defender of their race. "When the judge is white and the jury are all white (and they always are)," he explained to the investigator a year afterward, "there is very little chance for a Negro to get anything from a white man in court. The defense would claim that he (Lucas) pulled a gun or something, and the widow would get nothing." This statement, in view of the admitted facts of the case, must be considered astounding. Four guards seem to have been actually standing over Lucas while he dressed, and one of them testified at the coroner's inquest that Lucas had three times tried to get his hand into his pocket and had three times been prevented. Yet the guards testified further that Lucas still had a gun in his pocket when he got out of the house, and that he attempted to pull it on them, whereupon they shot him. This defense would apparently have been adequate before a white jury.

No news of the Lucas killing other than the routine obituary notice reached either of the two Negro papers in Birmingham; in fact, none of the Birmingham papers carried any account of the incident. But perhaps the most significant point in the whole affair was the attitude taken by the coroner, which was undoubtedly typical of a large section of the white community. "Why do you want to investigate this particular case?" he said to the investigator in 1929. "This kind of thing happens all the time." In fact another Negro was shot and killed by a Tennessee Coal, Iron, and Railroad Company guard before the investigator left Birmingham. The Negro was charged with stealing copper from the plant. The incident created as little stir as had Lucas's killing a year earlier. After all, why should it be otherwise? The Alabama subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation is not the only company in the district which employs guards who are ready to shoot on sight. The nervousness of such guards is understandable when it is remembered that sometimes it is the guard who is shot. A murder of some kind occurs in the Birmingham district every three or four days. Jefferson County, Alabama, in which Birmingham and Westfield are

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situated, reported 697 homicides from 1920 to 1926 inclusive, or at the rate of more than eight per month.

Lucas's killing might be described as a lynching. It is being so classed by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, though not by the more cautious director of research at Tuskegee Institute. Whether it was or not, it reflects a basically unhealthy condition. Public opinion, which can be aroused by a lynching, needs to be aroused also over these borderline cases, and by ordinary homicides. For while the lynching evil is definitely on the wane, homicides (according to a leading authority) "actually as well as relatively . . . were never so frequent in this country as they are at the present time."

The accompanying graph, prepared from the homicide figures of Frederick L. Hoffman in the *Spectator* of March 14, 1929, and the lynching figures of Dr. Monroe N. Work, Director of Research of the Tuskegee Institute, shows that the decrease in lynchings has been coincident with an increase in homicides. The thirty-one cities for which homicide rates are available have an aggregate population of 23,632,000, and there is every reason to think that they correctly indicate the trend of the homicide rate throughout the country. It will be observed that the lynching rate fluctuates much more violently than the homicide rate. The sudden and permanent decrease in the number of lynchings after 1922, following a decade in which there had been no marked diminution, is striking. The Dyer Anti-Lynching bill was before Congress in 1922. If an aroused public opinion could so affect the lynching evil, why not then also the homicide scourge?

The American homicide rate is the highest in the world. It does not result alone from America's being a "new" country, since the rate in 1922 (8.4 per 100,000) for the area where homicides are registered was five times that for the Commonwealth of Australia and the Province of Ontario, each of which had a rate of 1.6. Massachusetts, a comparatively law-abiding community, had a homicide rate of 2.5 in 1922. The rate for New Zealand was 0.9 in 1923, that for Japan 0.8 in 1922, that for England and Wales 0.5 in 1922, and that for Scotland 0.2 in 1923. Memphis, with a rate of 60.5 homicides per 100,000 population, had probably the highest rate of any city in the "civilized" world, but Birmingham was a close second with 54.9. Other rates were: Jacksonville 52.6, Atlanta 45.1, and Little Rock 37.9. Gangster-ridden Chicago with a rate of 15.8 was surpassed by Detroit, which counted 16.5. New York City had a rate of 6.7. One hundred and twenty-two American cities averaged 10.4 homicides per 100,000 in 1927, though according to Hoffman the murder rate in 1925 was only 9.8 in Leningrad and about the same in Moscow. In Leningrad in 1922, when the waves of the revolution had not yet died down, the murder rate reached 26.7, but eight Southern cities exceeded that record last year. In all European countries for which figures are available, the homicide rate is far lower than in the United States.

The regional differences in the homicide rate are striking. The ten cities which in 1928 had the highest homicide rates were all Southern cities. Racial differences are even more important. The rate for whites in the South is high, but not higher than in parts of the West. For Negroes, the rate is usually many times the rate for whites. Unfortunately, figures on the color of the murderer are not available. Most murders of Negroes are probably by other Negroes. The high rate for the colored race is due in part, however, to the fact that in many sections of the South it is considered hardly a crime to kill a Negro. If the murderer does happen to be a white man, he usually goes scot-free. The pretext of the murder may be, in the words of Professor A. B. Hart, "simply trivial." A Negro kills a white man's dog which has attacked his sheep; the Negro is shot dead. A Negro causes his wife to be late to work for a white man; the white man takes a gun and kills the Negro. In 1929 a Florida white man was sentenced to the electric chair for killing a colored man. It was said to be the first case of the kind on record.

One thing at any rate is certain: there has been no marked increase in the Southern Negro's personal security. The anti-lynching campaign has shown what can be accomplished by an aroused public opinion. It needs to be intensified so that this national disgrace shall be definitely eradicated. Furthermore, the campaign must be broadened until public opinion is awake to the evils of *all* private, cold-blooded murder. The community which condemns mob murder while condoning such killings as that of Matt Lucas is suffering from moral astigmatism.

In the Driftway

THE State of Connecticut, in which the law establishes no speed limits for motor cars but holds every driver responsible for going at a rate consistent with public safety, is undertaking some experiments with a view to setting up certain maximums. Many persons will regard this as a step backward, the Connecticut law having been widely acclaimed as embodying the only sound principle in regard to speed. To establish an arbitrary maximum speed for certain highways and inflexibly enforce the rule is ridiculous, as it is all too apparent that a safe or dangerous rate depends upon the circumstances. Yet the Drifter has always believed that it is desirable to have certain legal maximums of speed—provided they are not generally enforced. And doubtless experience has brought the State Motor Vehicle Commission of Connecticut to the same point of view, as it is insisted that the new plan is in no sense to be an "enforcement trap." George Bernard Shaw has put the case for maximum speed limits well in arguing against the government's proposal to abolish them in England. As a driver of twenty-one years' experience Mr. Shaw admits breaking the law every time he takes a car on the road, yet he insists that some speed limit should be retained. He says:

> A speed limit cannot be observed in daily practice and is not meant to be so observed. It is a device for enabling the police to halt and mulct motorists in those cases of inconsiderate driving which fall short of driving to the public danger or are not grave enough to deserve the more serious penalties attached to that offense.

* * * * *

WITHOUT a speed limit it is practically impossible to prosecute any one for dangerous driving *until after an accident has happened.* For it can always be argued otherwise that a person can't have been guilty of dangerous speed because events didn't show it to be such. In other words, the police are never able to lock the stable door until after the horse has been stolen, if one may quote so equine a proverb in

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connection with the motor age. A maximum-speed law has the same advantages as laws against disorderly conduct. These laws are sometimes used for tyrannical or absurd purposes, but, on the other hand, they serve so many excellent ends that few up-to-date communities would be without them. To return to the automobile, Mr. Shaw remarks:

> The common assumption that a steam roller or motor bus if driven carefully over a baby at two miles an hour will not hurt it, while a sport car, which at sixty miles an hour or so becomes supercharged and attains the velocity of light or thereabouts, will mangle and slaughter the same baby is erroneous. An intelligent baby would prefer the sport car. Safe motor cars are imaginary, as are safe wheelbarrows, guns, skates, kitchen boilers, or razors. But they can be made safe enough to be tolerated when they are under the control of intelligent, considerate, and able-bodied persons.

* * * * *

MR. SHAW goes on to say: "No expert fears a well-driven car, however fast. All fear an ill-driven car, however slow." Here the Drifter pauses to ask what is meant by the word "expert." If Mr. Shaw means an expert pedestrian, the answer is that there isn't any other kind—alive. They get that way because they have to. Probably Mr. Shaw is thinking of drivers. Among them it is doubtless true that a well-driven car, even going immoderately fast, is sometimes less dangerous than a slow-moving automobile, badly handled. But a wise pedestrian would take his chances every time with a slow-moving car, regardless of the driver, for the reason that such a vehicle can stop more quickly and isn't likely to break so many bones even if it hits him. The theory, sometimes advanced, that we need drivers with more skill doesn't hold water; we need drivers with more morals. Taxicab drivers are admittedly skilful, but it is not well to get in their path—even when they are going their fastest.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

That Hungarian Decision

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* of October 30, there appeared an editorial paragraph stating that because of a certain decision rendered by an Hungarian court "it is a crime to praise the United States in Hungary." Such a decision seemed to me as extraordinary as apparently it did to you. I doubted that a court in Hungary, no matter how rotten the political system may be considered by some persons, would condemn anyone because he praised the United States. I have, therefore, procured a certified copy of a decision of the Royal District Court of Budapest rendered on August 23, 1929.

It is evident from the record that the person was indicted not because of having praised the United States but because he was found guilty of the crime of advocating the violent overthrow of the existing legal and social order and the forcible establishment in power of the so-called proletarian class. It is also evident that the advocacy of such ideas has been made a crime not by the arbitrary decision of the court but by a statute duly enacted by Parliament. The advocacy of the violent overthrow of the government and the social order is also a crime, if I am not mistaken, in the United States. You may agree with this Hungarian agitator that "in America . . . life is good, because they know no God," but it does not appear that the court in Budapest shared this view or that any consideration of the Utopian condition of American life influenced its decision.

I wish also to call your attention to the fact that the decision which you criticized was the decision of a court of first instance against which an appeal lies and that an appeal actually has been taken.

New York, November 25 FRANCES DEÁK

[*The Nation's* comment was based upon a report in a reliable Vienna newspaper. The document cited by Mr. Deák, which we have examined, proves that the report was incorrect. We are sorry to have been misled in this instance.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

More Men Teachers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to stand with Bertrand Russell in regard to woman teachers. I think there are all too many of them in our schools. I am in favor of more man teachers.

Askov, Minn., December 10

MRS. L. MOSBÆK

White Woman's Burden

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to express my appreciation of your review of John R. White's book in *The Nation* of August 28. I knew Colonel White well. He is an exceptionally fine man, and his statements about conditions in the Islands can be accepted without reserve.

It is the first time that I remember having seen authoritatively stated what I regard as the greatest bar to a fine understanding between Americans and Filipinos—the attitude of our American women to *all* Filipinos socially. Prior to the coming of American women en masse we men got along with the Filipinos very well, despite the natural irritations existing from war time. But the American woman at once put the Filipino "in his place" socially and sees to it that he is kept there. Hence the Filipino complaint of the *Raza dominador* and strengthening of a desire for complete separation. The government here has been an inspiration to men of ideals, and has been carried on without deviation for the benefit of the Filipino people; the social situation is an insult to every cultured Filipino.

Manila, P. I., October 29 JAMES L. HENRY

Spanish Drama

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The background of Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch would seem to have its blank spots, judging from his testy remarks in regard to the Quinteros' "A Hundred Years Old" in your issue of October 23. Does he know nothing of Spanish drama beyond the few plays which have been lately presented in New York? Has he never heard of Benavente? Of Zamacois? Or Linares Rivas? Is it possible that he doesn't know that the Spaniards invented realism—and did it so long ago that they have become rather bored by it? And that being bored they claim a legitimate right to seek relief from its pessimism and dreariness?

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If Mr. Krutch seeks "pessimism, violence, and fire," let him read Benavente's "La malquerida" and "Señora ama"; if he desires social drama with food for thought we recommend to him the same author's "La virtud sospechosa" and "Gente conocida," or "La garra" by Linares Rivas; if the dramatic treatment of the aesthetic or psychological interests him, let him turn the pages of Pérez Galdos's "El Abuelo," "Mariucha," or "Electra." If realism means to him only the drably unpleasant, let him examine at random the productions of Zamacois.

There is no "school" of drama in Spain today; each writer seeks to be different from everyone else. The Quinteros are *not* like Martinez Sierra; the first try to show us that life is eminently worth living and that happiness exists, even in this "vale of tears," and the second stresses the fact that there is virtue in modern society—especially among women.

Two things are incumbent upon Mr. Krutch—first, that he acquire some knowledge of Spanish drama aside from the few translations which have recently been offered in New York; and second, that he remember that the reason for the prevalence of the cloudless silver lining to which he objects is due to the realization on the part of American producers that that sort of thing is the merchandise that goes over with a public nurtured on "Abie's Irish Rose," Hollywood, and Bernarr Macfadden.

Lubbock, Texas, November 7 C. B. Qualia
W. A. Whatley

Remarque Once More

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In *The Nation* of November 13 appears a letter of a former German officer, severely criticizing Remarque's "All Quiet . . ." and reflecting on the author personally. The officer is quite correct in saying that the book cannot be recommended to "men," at least not to men who possess and exercise reasoning power and therefore become unwilling to be butchered and robbed at the behest of stupid or vicious rulers.

If pacifism had prevailed in Europe in 1914 Germany would not now be a subject nation. Incidentally the Kaiser's loyal ex-officers should remember that he and his sons saved their skins and are enjoying a private fortune of more than fifty million dollars, which ought to relieve them at least for a while of having to wash dishes as Mr. Kienitz does.

Detroit, November 27 William E. Henze

Business English

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have a friend, a Parisian, who speaks fair colloquial English and has read widely in English literature, but who was utterly stumped by a New York financial letter. I essayed to rephrase it for him in simple English, as shown below. I should like to know, first, if your readers agree with my rendering (which is italicized); second, if I am forgetting my mother tongue; or third, if our financial writers are developing a new language intended to conceal facts.

> That general business has not retained all of its former impressive buoyancy is evidenced by current trends in several directions, but there is obviously a sharp distinction between moderate recession and fundamental unsoundness. If the rate of activity has not been wholly sustained, the change can be properly interpreted only through recognition of what has gone before, and the attainments of various maximum records is of too recent occurrence to be obscured by present tendencies.

Business has suffered a setback, but not a slump. One can get at the causes by carefully surveying past and recent events.

> Even with a contraction in some lines now, results this year will be unusually favorable in numerous instances and it is significant that the monetary tension has been relaxing steadily.

Even so, this year's record won't be so bad, and one will at least be able to borrow money again.

> Those are some surface indications of a reversal from long-continued expansion, yet the alteration is qualified by the earlier exceptional achievements. An especially prominent case is the letdown in steel production, which has come only after a period of unparalleled advance.

There are even signs of hard sledding ahead, in steel, for example; but one can always think of the riotous times just ended.

> There continues to be a large flow of business in many channels, and that autumn has not brought increased momentum in all quarters is mainly because of the great vigor shown in preceding months. The general trade tone is more conservative now but without sign of widespread instability.

In certain lines trade is still active, and business in general wouldn't have slowed up if it hadn't overspeeded earlier in the year. Those who can are sitting tight.

My version proved intelligible to my friend, who thanked me effusively. I hope I didn't mislead him.

Paris, November 11 G. M. L. Brown

Tennessee Yields

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As a loyal son of Tennessee I have to confess a feeling of jealousy at the way Malden has pushed Dayton clear off the map. In fact Dayton isn't any more famous today than York County, Pennsylvania, where the witches still work their wicked spells. Despite the best efforts of Bryan and Darrow and the press, we didn't succeed in luring more than ten or twelve thousand curiosity seekers to our Fundamentalist barbecue. Malden got out a million and a quarter in a little more than a week. We're licked!

Johnson City, Tenn., December 10

Hodge Mathes

Non-Combatants and War

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I seriously question the validity of the basic assumption that seems to underlie the reasoning of those who accept President Hoover's food-ship proposal, namely, that only those in actual combat should be permitted to suffer from starvation, pestilence, disease, while the non-combatant members of society should be exempt from such privations. War is a collective enterprise undertaken by the state. Why the lives of those behind the battle line are more worth preserving than those on the battle line is something which has never been made clear to me.

I, for one, welcome the possibility of starvation, poison gas, submarines, and anything else which will make war more ghastly and something to be feared by civilian as well as soldier. Let it become clear to every member of the community that war means misery not merely for those in combat but for everybody.

New York, November 29 William Isaacs

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Books and Drama

Admonition

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

Be not impatient, do not grasp too soon.
I know the heart is eager, having conned
Pages brushed white with silver of the moon—
Tales of a sea-born city and beyond.
Yet not alone to those who are the first
On soil usurped from older lords than ours
Does the innominable Presence burst,
Like an Aegean island, into flowers.

There is another Beauty which precedes
The arras lifted, the libation poured;
Secret and slow and mystical, it needs
No spending of the wine or honey stored,
But spins a thread impossible to break
Under the knees of gods who never wake.

Cabell's Last Word?

The Way of Ecben. A Comedietta Involving a Gentleman. By James Branch Cabell. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.50.

"THE Way of Ecben" may be the last demonstration of the formula of existence which has been growing steadily more authoritative in Mr. Cabell's productions. It is now ten years since he declared that the novel must become more or less an allegory, since art must deal with contemporary life by means of symbols; that the reader must feel that he is not reading about some person unimportant enough to be listed in the local telephone book, but "about humanity—and about the strivings of that ape reft of his tail, and grown rusty at climbing, who yet, however dimly, feels himself to be a symbol, and the frail representative of Omnipotence in a place that is not home." He has also expressed himself about the value of dynamic illusions and has convincingly demonstrated that man is given to playing the ape to his dreams.

It is one thing for a man to write books and another for him to account for them. The reading public tends rightly enough to suspect any man's exposition of his own theory of composition. Mr. Cabell, as a particularly conscious artist, is in the curious position of having established his philosophy so early, of having so clearly seen the total pattern of the years, as to make this seem the premise rather than the result of his performance. The progressive abstraction of his later books does owe much to this early recognition of a trend, so that while the author has been playing with determined consistency the ape to one special dream there may be some of his readers who wish his mimicry had been less successful. For in his later writings there is the inescapable suggestion that the formula has choked fancy at least into a death faint.

If Mr. Cabell means what he appears to be saying—we cannot forget that he delights in the cream of a jest—this slender, exquisitely written account of the faring forth of one Alfgar is the last of those gallant tales of misadventures in a world that is brighter, perhaps, than our own, but no less rewarding of virtue. If such is the case, this "Comedietta Involving a Gentleman," while relatively unimportant in the list of Mr. Cabell's published works, assumes particular significance in that larger romance which is likewise a biography, somewhat more personal, developed by the author. Such a renunciation of much that Mr. Cabell holds most dear is at the least a gesture which we may at once admire and deplore.

In the commentary that makes up a considerable portion of this book, Mr. Cabell accepts the disadvantages incident to his advanced years and finds fifty the precise and suitable moment for terminating the biography (of Dom Manuel). He describes for us the unfortunate condition of the aging romancer who must needs repeat himself in a declining achievement, and sets himself to outwit time by renouncing the stage long before the curtain shows any disposition to come rumbling down. Elsewhere he has spoken approvingly of certain young men who were so fortunate or so wise as to die to life or literature at the age of twenty-nine, and it may be that he has concluded that the game is not worth the candle and that there remain other diversions to life than the peculiar one of making marks on paper. He declares explicitly that he will write no more stories after this one about Etarre, the witch woman who passes always to the sound of a troubling music, whose bright face he can no longer clearly see with the eyes that time has given him and for whose depiction he dare not depend upon mere memories, however dear. But it has been evidenced before this that renunciation sometimes has remarkable quickening effects upon man's several capacities; further, there have been recent studies of monkeys which show that appearances of senility are removed by a diversification of cage-mates. Thus "hail and farewell, Etarre," need not leave us wholly sad. There is also ground for encouragement in the fact that the recorder of Jurgen's glamorous trials has not committed himself beyond the termination of the saga of Dom Manuel's extraordinary line.

If this farewell to Poictesme means the breaking of a formula which has grown increasingly sterile, however magically it worked at first, some of Mr. Cabell's sincerest admirers will not repine. For while life itself may be an allegory ceaselessly repeated by the Original Author for his diversion, there are nevertheless permitted to us trifling variations in size and color and sense which give to each life the illusion of individuality. Mr. Cabell has been less tolerant than that other author of man's need of such a dynamic illusion. Having set himself as an artist with a relentless conscience to a single task, his great skill and word sorcery have been increasingly dedicated to the problem of creation in fewer and fewer strokes. And although this may be a part of the economy elsewhere praised, we cannot forget that the earlier expositions of man's questioning and his end derived richness and delight from the fact that the formula was less clear while the allegory was allowed still to partake of the spontaneity of approximate flesh and blood. "The Way of Ecben" is carved and cool, chastely unadorned; there seems little possibility that the story may ever be more austerely told, and thus perhaps little temptation for the artist to pursue it further. The tale is rightly praised by its author for its symmetry, but of all the seven auctorial virtues desired by John Charteris in literature as in life this is not necessarily the chiefest; distinction and clarity, beauty, tenderness, truth, and urbanity were likewise named. And there was some mention also of gusto. It is still possible to believe that Mr. Cabell is too young to be lacking in any of these, even the last, but it is difficult to believe that in the progressive dramatization of himself, which is for every good author his most cherished and most elaborated creation, we have had the last word from Richmond in Virginia, however distant Poictesme may now become.

LORINE PRUETTE

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Mr. Whitehead's Living Universe

Process and Reality. By Alfred North Whitehead. The Macmillan Company. $4.50.

SCIENCE is today as much of a problem as it is a fact. The tremendous burst of activity in the last twenty-five years which has brought new life to the old and fundamental science of physics has succeeded in ruining the traditional cosmology of materialism, the guiding faith of scientists since the days of Galileo and Newton. With the theories of relativity and the new developments in sub-atomic physics, scientific method has achieved some of the most glorious victories that have ever fallen to the human spirit, but the scientist is completely at a loss when he stands aside from his specialized equations and tries to conceive the structure of the universe as a whole. Mr. Whitehead suggested a few years ago, in his "Science and the Modern World," that the way out of the difficulties posed by relativity and quantum mechanics lay in the acceptance of a "philosophy of organism"; and he also indicated that such a philosophy, unlike the traditional scientific point of view, would be able to heal the divided conscience of mankind and reconcile scientific thought with our religious and esthetic intuitions. In the present work he has attempted to apply this philosophy in detail and to see whether it stands up under the exacting test of a complete interpretation of human experience.

The effort is magnificent both in scope and in execution. Many scientists have recently been driven to philosophizing, but their amateur efforts in epistemology and metaphysics have been in striking contrast with their eminence as scientific investigators. To cite but one example, Mr. Eddington has thrown up his hands and told us that science no longer knows what its equations and pointer readings mean in reality; hence it no longer forbids us to believe in the "unseen world" accessible to the mystic's immediate experience, with its revelations of God, freedom, and immortality. In contrast to this attitude of scientific skepticism, Mr. Whitehead has undertaken the more difficult and constructive task of determining the place of science and scientific laws in the structure of reality. His work, whether it be regarded as completely successful or not, will certainly stand out as a masterful piece of philosophizing. Even if it does nothing else than revive the rationalist's faith in a wholehearted philosophy of the universe, it will have achieved its aim and earned the gratitude of the friends of thought.

Mr. Whitehead asks boldly, how are we to conceive the universe in the light of the new scientific ideas? And the solution seems to him to be indicated by the analogy of biological experience, which supplies just the aspects of relativity and individuality that appear to be demanded by the new physics. He bids us imagine, not a static universe of enduring matter motivated by external forces, but a living universe of interrelated corpuscular organizations. These corpuscles are a law unto themselves, having their own purposes and their own freedom, but they are held together by an internal solidarity, by common participation in Platonic forms, which Mr. Whitehead calls "eternal objects."

In fact we can best visualize Mr. Whitehead's universe by keeping in mind the Platonic cosmology in the "Timaeus," where the Demi-urge, with his mind on the Ideas, is represented creating the universe out of relative chaos. Instead of creation taking place from the outside, Mr. Whitehead represents creation as a fixation of the potentiality of the creatures through the spontaneous "ingression" of the eternal objects. It follows that the uniformities on which the scientist bases his laws come into being as part of the evolving activity of the creatures. Mr. Whitehead hazards the conjecture that, like the economic laws of human societies, the basis of the scientist's laws is an evolutionary social product—common ideals that come to be shared by groups of elementary organisms. He also believes that as social forms scientific laws are subject to genesis and decay, although the more fundamental social forms, as for example space and time, are carried over into repeated cosmic epochs and thus constitute the underlying basis for the more specialized societies and organic systems.

It is by a tour de force—which, however, is not altogether convincing—that the author tries to absorb the space-time continuum into the created universe and to represent both spatiality and temporality as expressions of the internal determinateness of the creatures. The general picture that he would like us to see is a universe of untrammeled creativity and spontaneity —a universe in which indeterminate potentiality gradually takes shape through the ingression of forms emanating from the timeless source of all order, God.

That Mr. Whitehead should identify the forms with God is not surprising. There is a twenty-five hundred year precedent in philosophy for this identification, but what is surprising is that he should refuse to pay to God the traditional "metaphysical compliment" of eminent reality over and above the finite creatures. Such a compliment appears to be necessary if God is to serve as the internal cement of the universe. But Mr. Whitehead evidently feels that thither lies the road to mysticism, and he therefore tries to compress his metaphysical principle of God (and incidentally his own religious intuition which seems to shine through between the lines) within the narrow framework of biological naturalism. As a result he succeeds in enlivening the universe of the physicist, but he is not quite successful in quickening the life of the spirit.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

A Russian-Jewish Childhood

Childhood in Exile. By Shmarya Levin. Translated from the German by Maurice Samuel. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

DR. LEVIN is one of the prominent figures in the history of modern Zionism. Combining the qualities of scholar and fighter, he has been a political leader in the Jewish world from the time he became a deputy to the first Russian Duma, and his activities carried him into many countries before they brought him home from "exile" to Palestine where he is now living. He has turned aside from his work as publicist long enough to write this delightful and moving story of his childhood in Swislowitz—a little Russian town, half Jewish and half Christian, proud of its location at the junction of two rivers which he fondly describes, and backed by a forest of equal nostaligic charm.

Dr. Levin has no sensational confessions to record except one which he could not very well avoid—that he was regarded on all sides as a boy prodigy. And for this reason some of his readers will be reminded of John Stuart Mill's "Autobiography," for, as in that classic, the most striking portions of the book deal with the extraordinary education of an extraordinary child. Like Mill, Dr. Levin tells of feats of learning, memorizing, translating, at incredibly early ages. While still a child he turned to writing essays in Hebrew and even began a serious novel. At the advanced age of nine, already deeply immersed in the profundities and technicalities of the Talmud, he began the study of Russian and, by way of diversion, found time to read widely in Yiddish literature. Now, on looking back, he says: "I cannot remember that I ever overstudied myself; my brain never became weary. It seemed to me that

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my brain was always at play and the things I learned just leaped into my mind."

Of course there was time to play, even for the child Shmarya. And although the sports which the Jewish children of Swislowitz indulged in seem few and pitiful compared to those of American boys of today, they were just as thrilling to the children of a poor Russian village of the seventies—poor, since even well-to-do people like the Levins were poor according to Western standards. Dr. Levin insists, too, that the Jewish children loved nature passionately and wondered why God had not given land and forests to his people as well as to the Gentiles; and the pictures that he draws of the village and the surrounding country, of the forest and the coming and going of the seasons, share with his descriptions of the activities of the home, the school, and the synagogue in giving to these memories their special charm. He is not so fortunate, perhaps, in making the many characters live again for us, or in weaving them into his narrative; though the picture of Mottye the Bean, his first teacher, brutal and stupid, is unforgettable as is that of his mother. But Dr. Levin is not a novelist, having abandoned that art (he regrets it now) after his first childish attempt. There can be no doubt, however, that he has a great gift for the short story. One has only to read the chapter in this book entitled Cherneh the Widow to realize that Zionism's gain was literature's loss.

FRED T. MARSH

Tradition and Clemence Dane

Tradition and Hugh Walpole. By Clemence Dane. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

THE important element of Clemence Dane's book is conveyed in the first word of her title; for with all her enthusiasm for Hugh Walpole, her swift, clear survey of his writings, her advancing of the novelist as the true bearer of the traditive torch, combining the qualities of the realist, moralist, and romantic while renewing the element of symbol, she pricks his faults too keenly for us to set him high. She emphasizes, for instance, his "criminal carelessness" of structure and his complete failure to seek any of the effects of sound—that other horn of symbolism on which, per contra, Gertrude Stein is impaled.

On her way to Walpole, however, Clemence Dane travels the long road of the English novel, sprinkling observations like scent in a game of hare and hounds. She maintains that the Gentle Reader dictates to the author, by his desire made manifest summoning the work of art. Thus to the popularity of such writers as Conan Doyle and Edgar Wallace she attributes the appearance of Conrad's "Secret Agent," Masefield's "Sard Harker," and Walpole's "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair." The Gentle Reader, indeed, is largely feminine; putting aside the static (Miltonic) character as masculine, Clemence Dane attributes to Jane Austen the recognition and to the Brontës the development of the feminine, the dynamic (Shakespearean) figure that changes with the events. Here she overlooks the earlier influence of Nicholas Rowe, who in the gay Lothario has given women their most beloved libertine and who in "The Fair Penitent" anticipated not only Jane Austen but Ibsen.

Pursuing literature through the changing tastes of the Gentle Reader, we find in the post-war world a quest of assurance, of revaluation. The hatred of war that has grown into many books Clemence Dane probes to a fear of discipline which, though it strengthens the strong, "sends the characterless back to the button-molder." Thus writers are led on the one hand to the assertion of full freedom, as in Joyce's post-Ulyssean uprooting of the language, and on the other hand toward the comforting trust in an imposed order, as T. S. Eliot seeks the eighteenth century. Looking into literature for interpretation and application of the new ideas the reader finds them presented only in equally new forms, so that confusion is indeed worse confounded. Pre-war writers, as being of an olden day, are benevolently regarded as ancestors though they may continue to produce; the new writers are even as disjointed as the times; the only author who uses the old technique to present the new ideas and the new spirit, and therefore the chief of the traditives, says Clemence Dane, is the novelist Hugh Walpole.

Thus we are carried swiftly along; but not free from jouncing. In a phrase each our guide assigns their place to a score of writers. Telling us that the "high-tide marks" of the novel—the bundle falling off Christian's back, Crusoe finding the footprint, Lucy eating dewberries while Richard Feverel watches, Angel Clare watching the flag run up at Tess's hanging, the gramophone breaking out in the voice of the murdered man in Oliver Onions's "Debit Account"—are all triumphs of the realist, she rapidly adds the moralist, then the romantic, as essential to traditive fiction. The romanticist she identifies at one moment with the poet, at another with the "shocker." The summoning of sound to supplement meaning she calls "speaking to the illiterate," yet deems it a measure of the writer's cunning. While Grant Overton presents Sherlock Holmes as "the modern deus ex machina," she declares the detective to be compact of fantasy as Puck. As we linger over these provocative statements we remember the old Sheep's dark shop that Alice found in the fourth square, its shelves full of all manner of curious things; but if Alice looked hard at any shelf, that particular shelf was bare. Whether or not Clemence Dane's stuff will stand under close examination, window-shoppers will find hers a crowded and colorful store.

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

Queen Bess Once More

Queen Elizabeth. By Katharine Anthony. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

FOR some reason or other this book, so excellent in certain details—bits of characterization, epigrammatic succinctness, and keen observation—does not quite come to life. A number of suggestions might be advanced in explanation of this fact. Perhaps Miss Anthony erred fundamentally in treating the entire life of Queen Elizabeth with something of the terse incisiveness which Mr. Strachey, artistically stingy with his words as always, recently employed on but a few illuminating episodes of Elizabeth's reign. To relate her whole career, and in addition to depict much of the teeming gusto and swagger of the era, would quite certainly exceed the power of compressed suggestiveness of even the greatest of artists; as it is, Miss Anthony's volume, printed in large type on very generously margined sheets, numbers only a trifle more than 250 pages.

It might further be suggested that, while her book has unity of design, it lacks a corresponding unity of method. That is to say, at moments she writes with something of the lush fulness of objective treatment which, rightly or wrongly, is supposed to be a dominant element in "modern" biography; but at other times she returns to that almost completely Freudian treatment with which, in her book on Margaret Fuller, she began her writing career. Though her style is not now, as formerly, loaded with the technicalities of the Freudian school —she does occasionally use such expressions as "psychopathic," "delusions of grandeur," and "neurotic"—she nevertheless roundly insists that the lifelong "mannishness" of the Queen was due to the rough-and-ready disposition and language of her notorious father.

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And yet this is distinctly not the type of book that one is likely to drop without completing it. One is always aware that a keenly observant brain is at work, even though one may by no means accept all its conclusions—yes, even though one may suspect that at intervals the brain isn't quite sure of itself. The fact that this book, an eminently serious performance with but few amusing interludes, has "made the best-seller list" so soon after its publication indicates that the public will occasionally read "dry" and "heavy" volumes if they are the children of intelligent parents. R. F. DIBBLE

Greenwich Villagers

I Thought of Daisy. By Edmund Wilson. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

SOMEWHERE in Mr. Wilson lurks a Puritan who seems to be suffering from the hang-over of a Greenwich Village adolescence. This book may, then, be regarded as the purgative open confession that is supposedly so good for the soul. "I Thought of Daisy" is, in the main, as obviously autobiographical to a New Yorker as "Ulysses" is to a Dubliner. But Wilson is not Joyce, and there is lacking the perspective and creative quality that would enable him dispassionately to use and fuse the familiar for his own ends. We assist here at a series of parties, some entertaining, some dull, all very intimate, almost too intimate at times. We also meet various people. Of the parties Sue Borglum's is probably the best, and of the people the poetess fares worst. The author's treatment of Rita Coleman suggests a man striving to be fair in face of a grievance, with the result that she emerges from his hands with a kind of angular intellectuality. Of Daisy, on the other hand, he is fond in an indulgent fashion, with the result that she is delightful, if vacuous. Of neither lady, it must be stated, does he deserve much thanks; they suffer from the Puritan in search of a clean soul.

The men fare much better, particularly those who do not belong in the pre-war Village. Professor Grosbeck would probably be as well worth meeting in the flesh as he and his family are in print. Hugo is distinctive and interesting. Larry Mickler, though a Villager, is well drawn.

If Mr. Wilson has freed his soul of a complex by this publication, then those who admire him in his more familiar literary roles will have reason to be thankful that he "thought of Daisy." Not otherwise. NORAH MEADE

Machiavelli and Lorenzo

The Private Correspondence of Nicolo Machiavelli. By Orestes Ferrara. The Johns Hopkins Press. $2.25.

Lorenzo the Magnificent. By David Loth. Brentano's. $5.

THE "Correspondence" is not, as the title might seem to indicate, a complete edition of Machiavelli's private letters, but rather an essay on the character of Machiavelli as seen in his correspondence with excerpts from the letters. On the basis of studies in Italian archives of the period the author recently published a new biography of Machiavelli. The present volume is of much more limited scope, being merely the amplification of a lecture. The letters, Dr. Ferrara points out, are typical of the correspondence of the time in that they are not hastily written missives intended to convey information of external facts, but rather formal compositions of the nature of academic discussions and often designed to reach a considerable audience. Even so they throw much light, Dr. Ferrara contends, on the human side of Machiavelli, revealing him as a jovial friend and companion, a diligent functionary but by no means a hero in adversity, a great lover of his country, a libertine and at the same time "a good husband and a perfect father." The letters show above all, the author concludes, that the idea prevalent for so long that Machiavelli was the very incarnation of evil is a myth, and that his faults were only those of his time. The Renaissance was a period of intense realism and in the political field Machiavelli was its most conspicuous representative. This idea is not new, but the letters which Dr. Ferrara makes accessible in English add confirmation of it. The reader can only regret that the letters are not given in full and that they are not left a little more to tell their own story.

To the "Private Correspondence" one could scarcely find a greater contrast than "Lorenzo the Magnificent," both in subject matter and in the treatment by their respective authors. The former is a work of erudition, the second a popularization; Dr. Ferrara explains in detail his object, Mr. Loth leaves the reader to define it for himself; the one cites his sources, the other makes no claim to scholarship though there is abundant evidence that he has read largely in the period of the Renaissance. What Mr. Loth does do is to tell in sprightly and sometimes racy language the story of Lorenzo. He shows him in all his "splendor, lightheartedness, and rejuvenescence"—to quote the words of Ficino—at the same time that he brings before the reader the cruelty and lust and beauty and intrigue of papal and princely courts. The serious student may find nothing new, but the casual reader will be spurred to curiosity concerning a period presented with much skill and vividness.

ELOISE ELLERY

Judas, Savior of Jesus

Dear Judas and Other Poems. By Robinson Jeffers. Horace Liveright. $2.50.

THE Judas of Mr. Jeffers has learned the lesson of love so well that when he sees the teacher of that lesson, Jesus himself, hardening into a Messiah he decides to save him by betraying him to the authorities, who will chasten him a little and then release him so that he may return to the sweet walks of peace. The Jesus of Mr. Jeffers is motivated in part by an old doubt of his paternity, a doubt which his mother, by making up a story of how the shadow of God once visited her, has to a degree expelled, but which lingers in him sufficiently to turn a natural piety into an abnormal zeal. Even at the beginning of the poem Jesus is fixed in self-faith; but as the story unfolds itself he is seen to be an actively dangerous, a darkly threatening agent. He sees himself, indeed, in such a hue, yet cannot resist the vision.

> To be with my people,
> In their very hearts, a part of their being, inseparable
> from those that love me, more closely touching them
> Than the cloth of the inner garment touches the flesh.
> That this is tyrannous
> I know, that it is love run to lust: but I will possess
> them. . . .
> Their minds love terror, their souls cry to be sacrificed,
> for pain's almost the God
> Of doubtful men, who tremble expecting to endure it. . . .
> I go a stranger passage to a greater dominion,
> More tyrannous, more terrible, more true, than Caesar or
> any subduer of earth before him has dared to dream
> of.

This is not Judas's kind of love and it is not, presumably, Mr. Jeffers's. "To let the people alone is the mercy," cries Judas; "all stirring is death to them." Judas, by nature sensitive to pain, cannot endure the thought of the suffering and destruc-

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tion which will follow upon Jesus's assumption of leadership; and so, partly to save his teacher and partly to save us, mankind, from any further teaching now that the line has been overstepped, he sends the son of Mary to—his death.

It is far from being one of Mr. Jeffers's best poems. To begin with it is an idea more than it is a poem, and the fact that it is ingenious, or that it seems to fit very neatly into Mr. Jeffers's whole system of "misanthropy," does not alter the case. The success of Dear Judas depends after all upon our perception of a theory, and even upon our agreement with this theory; which at once removes the discussion of it from the field of criticism as I see that field. The setting, as might have been expected, is somber and fine, and the utterances of the principal persons often reach a high level of rhetoric. But there is significance in the fact that Mr. Jeffers's long lines forget most of the time to be poetry.

Now there is another long poem in the volume to which these remarks do not apply. The Loving Shepherdess contains some of the best work that Mr. Jeffers has ever done; it is continuously pathetic, exciting, and beautiful; and its success does not depend upon the reader's acceptance of any theory about love. Mr. Jeffers, judging by the jacket of the book, has put such a theory into The Loving Shepherdess, but it does not seem to matter. Necessary as the procedure may have been for him in the acts of conception and composition, it is not at all necessary to the reader; which is to say that here we have a successful poem. It is more than that, this story of a driven girl who wanders north through California with a small flock of starving sheep, a witless girl who only knows that she loves the world and that she is willing to give that love to any portion of the world, human or not, which asks for it, a pretty girl for whom life long ago ceased to be pretty in return—this story is told with Mr. Jeffers's peculiar combination of harshness and kindness, and its long, sinuous rhythms are perfectly supported by a background of mountain, sky, and tree which Mr. Jeffers has lavished his best powers upon. It is his excursion into pastoral poetry, and though it keeps his austere brand upon each of its flanks it yet emerges a living and lovely creature of its ancient kind. Nothing could better prove the eminence of its author among contemporary American poets, and nothing could show more clearly what needed to be shown, namely, that Mr. Jeffers can write poetry which we do not have to be Carmelites to understand.

MARK VAN DOREN

Eleven French Revolutionists

Leaders of the French Revolution. By J. M. Thompson. D. Appleton and Company. $3.

IT was either very rash or very courageous of Mr. Thompson to undertake, within less than three hundred pages, to evaluate eleven of the most debated characters of the French Revolution. To say that he has done his task better than three other gentlemen who in the last year have been equally rash or courageous is not, however, unqualified praise. Mr. Thompson, as was to have been expected, has failed to master the latest materials on his numerous subjects, sometimes with rather unfortunate results—particularly, I should say, in the case of Robespierre, who is made an austere, unsociable dreamer; Marat, who is explained as a dual personality; and Saint Just, who is portrayed as a repentant sinner, atoning for a misspent youth. Nor has he grasped what seem to me to be more essential characteristics than some of those he attributes to his subjects. Sieyès, for example, whom he considers a philosopher *manqué,* was, I think, merely a bad politician. Mirabeau, whose failure he assigns to low aims, was more likely not a great man even to begin with. Lafayette, whom Mr. Thompson considers a republican, was probably only an aristocrat with many fewer liberal ideas than he himself quite sincerely gave himself credit for. Danton Mr. Thompson suspects of being, but hesitates to call, a scoundrel. The study of Dumouriez is admirable; those of Brissot, Louvet, and Fabre d'Eglantine are good. Quite naturally, too, there are a great number of errors, not alone in typography and opinion, but also of fact—some of them fairly serious. That the book was originally a series of lectures is rather obvious; each character gets about the same amount of space, and the author tends to sermonize and draw lessons. But as is frequently the case with popular lectures, they make pleasant and interesting reading.

LOUIS R. GOTTSCHALK

Books in Brief

A Brief Account of Diplomatic Events in Manchuria. By Sir Harold Parlett. Oxford University Press, American Branch. $1.25.

The International Relations of Manchuria. B. C. Walter Young. University of Chicago Press. $3.50.

The publication of these two books relating to the chief danger spot of the Orient is singularly appropriate in view of the controversy between China and Russia over the Chinese Eastern Railway. Both books were prepared for the conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations which met at Kyoto in October and November. Both cover much the same ground, but the work of Mr. Young is more valuable because it went to press after the Chinese seizure of the railway last July. It includes a brief account of that crisis and the most important documents relating to railway control.

Weltbürgertum in der deutschen Dichtung von Herder bis Nietzsche. Von Kuno Francke. Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung.

This treatise on cosmopolitanism in German literature forms the first chapter of the forthcoming volume of Professor Francke's "Kulturwerte der deutschen Literatur," but the well-rounded presentation of the theme as well as the timeliness of the discussion justifies its separate publication. If the formulation of the problem seems to exclude a balanced historical study, and the absence of a clear-cut differentiation between cosmopolitanism and internationalism, patriotism and *Vaterlandsliebe,* is at first somewhat perplexing, the author gains a peculiarly good opportunity for an almost dramatic development of the idea by varying its bearing and import according to the literary epoch and personality under discussion. Striking vindications, as that of Heine's *Weltbürgertum,* the connecting link between Kant's ethics and Nietzsche's ideals, prepare for a brilliant chapter on the era of Bismarck in which such men as Wagner and Lassalle, Spielhagen and Raabe, Vischer and Keller are judicially evaluated as unswerving adherents of traditional ideals in spite of the adversity of contemporaneous developments. As a whole, the book continues the confession of faith in German humanistic and democratic ideals which Professor Francke sees firmly rooted in German leaders of the past, and looks upon as holding a strong promise for the future.

A History of Canada. By Carl Wittke. Alfred A. Knopf. $7.50.

This carefully written book, one of the Borzoi Historical Series, is evidence of a growing interest in Canada now evident in the United States, long half-forgetful that it had a Northern neighbor. The author passes lightly over the period

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of French rule and more than half the book deals with the period since the federation of Canada in 1867. While there is no touch of the picturesque in the writing, the story is told in a clear style and every phase of importance is covered with striking detachment and insight. The text of the constitution of Canada is also included.

Under Five Sultans. By Mary Mills Patrick. The Century Company. $4.

The author of this volume has carried on a noble and useful work in the Near East. She is one of the original faculty of the Constantinople Woman's College and for many years was its director and, in times of difficulty, its mainstay. Together with Robert College, also situated on the shores of the Bosphorus, the Constantinople Woman's College was one of the strongest agencies in the modernization of Turkey. Naturally, during the course of her work, Miss Patrick acquired familiarity with the customs and institutions of the country and learned to know the Turkish people as no casual visitor could learn to know them. She also came in contact with many of the most important personalities of the Empire. As a consequence her book gives a kind of intimate and gossipy bird's-eye view of the history of Turkey during the last half century, and is crowded with interesting anecdotes and portraits. At the same time it attempts a serious account of historic developments. In any event it is a very readable book about a Turkey that has now passed into limbo.

The Cruise of the Kronprinz Wilhelm. By Count Alfred von Niezychowski. Foreword by Rear-Admiral Walter McLean, U.S.N. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Count Niezychowski, an officer of the North German Lloyd steamer which became a successful raider in the South Atlantic in 1914-1915, tells in this volume of the cruise of his ship which, after keeping the seas for 251 days and causing great concern to the British Admiralty, finally found refuge and internment at Norfolk. Although it is much too literally translated from the German and inadequately edited, the book none the less has its place in the growing literature of the brilliant naval exploits of the Germans. To the student of strategy and those who believe that trade routes may be safeguarded by building cruisers in groups of fifteen, this volume is respectfully commended. Considering the changes in sea conditions, the Kronprinz Wilhelm was a worthy successor to the Alabama which, however, had no radio or other modern devices to contend with. Certainly the Alabama never slipped through a blockade more easily than did the Kronprinz Wilhelm through the cordon of British vessels off Norfolk. Altogether this German raider accounted for fourteen Allied ships totaling 58,201 tons, and provisioned and coaled itself from them.

The Lure of the Frontier: A Story of Race Conflict. By Ralph Henry Gabriel. *The American Stage.* By Oral Sumner Coad and Edwin Mims, Jr. *Annals of American Sport.* By John Allen Krout. The Pageant of America. Vols. II, XIV, and XV. Yale University Press.

These three volumes complete the publication in fifteen volumes of a pictorial history of the United States which Professor Gabriel and his associates have long been preparing. The scheme, which calls for a text consisting almost wholly of pictures, is particularly well adapted to the present subject matter. Mr. Gabriel's volume on the widening frontier is naturally rich with old prints—and rather too rich with reproductions of softly idealized murals of pioneers such as adorn our courthouses and public libraries. Messrs. Coad and Mims have made a dull subject positively bright through a lively choice of old dramatic portraits and theater-interiors. And Mr. Krout, ranging as he does from cock-fighting to football, from bear-baiting to bicycling and mountain-hiking, has written a history that stands quite by itself in the degree of its interest and significance.

Drama

Holiday Fare

NOT all the plays reviewed and recommended in this column have survived the rigors of an Autumn meteorologically mild but theatrically very severe. Below I give a list of those which are still to be seen and which, upon second or even third thought, I still believe worth the attention of persons bent upon some holiday evenings in the theater. The list is classified and within each classification the order is that of merit—as I see it.

Drama

"Berkeley Square" (Lyceum Theater). A pleasantly entertaining and sentimental drama about a young American who wanders into the eighteenth century. The references to Einstein are not sufficiently profound to give anyone a headache and the acting of Leslie Howard is a delight.

"The Sea Gull" (Civic Repertory Theater). To be seen on certain nights only but quite the best thing at present on the program of Miss LeGallienne's company.

"The Criminal Code" (National Theater). Martin Flavin's drama of miscarried justice. A bit solemn but impressive.

"Subway Express" (Liberty Theater). All about a very strange murder committed in a crowded subway car. No more reasonable than most detective plays but novel and ingenious. The mechanical effects which transform the stage into a moving subway car are worth the price of admission.

Comedy

"Strictly Dishonorable" (Avon Theater). The expert and up-to-the-minute comedy which is, by common consent, the most amusing thing to be seen on Broadway. Perhaps the second and third acts do not quite live up to the promise of the first, but at least one scene reaches something like a new high for American polite comedy.

"June Moon" (Broadhurst Theater). Ring Lardner's talent for parodying the language of Broadway plus George Kaufmann's knowledge of what the people want. Best if one takes the conventional happy ending and the touches of sentiment as part of the joke.

"Candle-Light" (Empire Theater). How a gallant butler had the time of his life when he mistook a lady's maid for a lady. With Gertrude Lawrence.

"Broken Dishes" (Ritz Theater). Conventional but thoroughly amusing domestic farce about a downtrodden husband who finally rebels—to the delight of the audience. Innocent enough to be approved by the Methodist Board of Public Morals and to get on anybody's White List, but still (believe it or not) both funny and reasonably intelligent.

"Your Uncle Dudley" (Cort Theater). Another farce of small-town life. Please ditto last sentence of comment on "Broken Dishes."

Musical Shows

"Fifty Million Frenchmen" (Lyric Theater). Unusually amusing and novel revue based upon the adventures of the typical tourist in Paris. The jokes are not all very delicate.

"Sweet Adeline" (Hammerstein's Theater). Witty operetta with the scene laid during the gay nineties. Irene Franklin and Helen Morgan assist.

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Plays to See

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Berkeley Square—Lyceum—E. 45th St.
Bitter Sweet—Ziegfeld—54th St. & 6th Ave.
Candlelight—Empire—B'dway & 40th St.
Criminal Code—National—W. 41st St.
Fifty Million Frenchmen—Lyric—W. 42nd St.
Half Gods—Plymouth—W. 44th St.—Op. Dec. 21st.
It's a Wise Child—Belasco—W. 44th St.
June Moon—Broadhurst—W. 44th St.
Marionette Theatre—Garrick, W. 35th St.—Sat. mornings
Meteor—Guild—W. 52nd St.
Red Rust—Beck—302 W. 45th St.
Strictly Dishonorable—Avon—W. 45th St.
Sweet Adeline—Hammerstein—Broadway & 53rd St.
The Little Show—Music Box—W. 45th St.
The Game of Love and Death—Biltmore—W. 47th St.
Yiddish Art Theatre—Jew Süss—Broadway & 28th St.

Films

Disraeli—Central Theatre—Broadway and 47th St.
General Crack—Warner Bros.—Broadway & 52nd St.
Hunting Tigers in India—George Cohan—Broadway and 43rd St.
Peter Pan—Junior Film Guild—52 W. 8th St., Dec. 25th to Jan. 1st, each morning.

Concerts and Recitals

Arthur Hackett—Guild—Sun. Eve., Jan. 12th.
Carola Goya—Hampden—B'dway—62nd St.—Sun. Eve., Dec. 29th.
Dorothy Gordon's "Young People's Concert Hours"—Town Hall, 113 West 43rd St.—Sat. Aft., Dec. 28th.
Fourth Concert Judson Celebrity Series—Carnegie—Jan. 6th.
Grand Opera for Children—Hansel & Gretel—Town Hall—Tues. Morn., Dec. 31st.
Josef Hofmann—Carnegie Hall—Sun. Aft., Jan. 12th.
Manhattan Symphony—Mecca Temple—Sun. Eve., Jan. 5th.
Menuhin—Carnegie—Fri. Eve., Jan. 3rd.
Musicians' Gambol—Carnegie—Mon. Eve., Dec. 30th.
Philharmonic Students' Concert—Carnegie—Sat. Eve., Dec. 28th.
Philharmonic Symphony—Carnegie—Thurs. Eve., Jan. 2nd; Fri. Aft., Jan. 3rd; Sun. Aft., Dec. 29th—Metropolitan Opera House—Jan. 12th.
Philharmonic Symphony, Junior Orchestral Concert—Sat. Morn., Dec. 28th, Jan. 11th, Carnegie Hall.
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Other "Holiday Interlude" announcements on page following

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JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The current offerings at the Yiddish Art Theater are Feuchtwanger's "Jew Süss," presented during the week end, and Gottesfeld's "Angels on Earth" on the other days. "Jew Süss" in play form is not so convincing as the novel, for the dramatization emphasizes its more obvious melodramatic structure at the expense of its characterization and historical description. Despite this, the production as staged by Maurice Schwartz is colorful and often moving. "Angels on Earth" is a satirical comedy describing the latest improvements in hell, which have made it a Jewish Babbitts' paradise, and the adventures of two of its guardian angels who are dispatched to New York to prevent hell from becoming over-populated. Needless to say the angels prefer New York to the quiet joys of the new hell. Boris Aronson's settings contribute a great deal to the fantasy of the play.

M. G.

Holiday Interlude

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Holiday Interlude

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QUESTIONS AND DISCUSSION

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What Next in India?

By C. F. ANDREWS

We printed in the International Relations Section of our issue of December 18 the recent statement of Lord Irwin, Viceroy of India under the Labor Government, with regard to the future status of India. We printed also the "Delhi Manifesto," issued by a conference of Indian political leaders in reply to Lord Irwin's declaration. This week we present two widely separated points of view with regard to Lord Irwin's statement and to the Delhi Manifesto. C. F. Andrews, close friend of Gandhi and protagonist of his program, himself a resident of India for many years, may be said to represent the enlightened Indian Nationalist point of view. The New Statesman, *from which we reprint the editorial, Lord Irwin's Blunder, represents the English liberal, but frankly imperial, point of view which is undoubtedly widely held in Great Britain, in both Liberal and Labor circles.*—EDITOR THE NATION.

THE past six months have witnessed many swings backward and forward in Indian political life. A pause has now been reached in this oscillation with the Viceroy's announcement that dominion status was the declared goal of British statesmanship and that a conference was to be summoned in London.

Everyone in India today who reads the newspapers and thinks for himself realizes Great Britain's critically difficult position owing to the unemployment problem. She is not in a position to challenge India, her best customer, to an economic warfare. The new tone adopted in England towards China has also not passed unnoticed. Young India, especially, has begun to feel a new strength of her own. She is no longer in a pliant mood. These inner facts will probably account for the checkered reception which has been given to the Viceroy's declaration. The younger members of the Nationalist Party, who are at heart in favor of complete separation from England, are critical of everything that comes from England today. Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru, who is their acknowledged leader, has stated to the press:

> A conference to discuss peace terms, when war is being waged against us by the British government, is not to be thought of. Such a conference must be preceded by a cessation of the present warlike repressive activities. There must be a clear indication that the British government is out for peace, on the basis of the Indian Nationalist demand, and is not merely playing for time.

Mahatma Gandhi's first reaction to the announcement was no less characteristic. "Any such conference," he said, "must be like Caesar's wife, above suspicion." At the same time he was prepared on certain conditions to welcome the Viceroy's proposal for a round-table conference in London. Later on, a meeting was summoned of leaders belonging to all parties and creeds. I have seen the list of those present and would regard it as truly representative. It included the name of Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru on the left and that of the Rt. Hon. V. Srinivasa Sastri on the right wing of Indian politics. This meeting issued a statement to the press which was unanimously agreed upon. It recognized the sincerity of the Viceroy's utterance. Three things were demanded: (1) a quiet atmosphere for the conference; (2) a political amnesty; (3) a majority from the Indian National Congress among those members of the conference who should represent the Indian people.

On these points there should not be any serious difficulty. Then follows, in their statement, a request to the Viceroy to corroborate their own interpretation of his message, so that there may be no misunderstanding. They assume that the conference itself is to place before the British Parliament what form the dominion constitution of India shall take. Thus the Viceroy's twofold declaration, that dominion status was the goal and a conference was to be held, has been taken by all the Indian leaders to mean that the conference is to decide the new dominion constitution of India.

Up to the present, I have not been able to find (after searching through the somewhat scanty news from India) any sign of a deadlock, or disavowal, or disagreement. But it is evident that many newspapers in England have not given the same interpretation to the Viceroy's speech which the Indian leaders have given; nor are they at all convinced that negotiations have advanced to the point of framing a dominion constitution. We are left, therefore, in a state of uncertainty which may possibly be ended one way or another before what I am now writing is published. If I am asked how far it is desirable and possible to go in carrying out the British government's pledge of ultimate dominion status for India, I would say without any hesitation that the earlier constitution under the Reform Councils of 1921—making some subjects "reserved" and others "transferred"—proved unworkable. It had in it all those elements of distrust and timidity which ruin honest statesmanship. One of the chief secretaries in the Government of India at Simla said to me: "This Reform Constitution is so bad that it has only one thing to recommend it: no one can ever wish to go on with it, and therefore it drives us forward to something better."

But if that be granted (and hardly anyone who knows the facts would question it) then it carries with it the obvious corollary that the new constitution, unlike the half-hearted measure that went before, must proceed on lines of trust and boldness. There is really no half-way house. Responsible government can only mean full responsibility; to offer with one hand and then to draw back with the other is futile and unstatesmanlike as well.

For the past ten years an incessant torrent of propaganda has been poured forth all over the world, deluging us all with the news that because India is composed of many races, religions, castes, languages, therefore the idea of self-government is impossible. Every riot has been magnified; Miss Mayo's slanderously unfair book has been trumpeted forth; caste barriers have been exaggerated. On the other hand, nothing has been said concerning the underlying unity of Indian life; its geographical completeness; its moral power

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of patient endurance; its essential reasonableness and moderation; its universal demand for freedom to govern itself in its own way. I shall not easily forget, when I was traveling, in Indian dress, in a third-class railway carriage, how the villagers after discovering my identity crowded round me asking with eager lips and faces: "When shall we get Swaraj (self-government)?" That was more than twelve years ago in a remote country district almost at the foot of the Himalayas, far from any town center. If the demand for Swaraj was so nearly universal then, what must it be today?

It was profoundly interesting to me to read in Mahatma Gandhi's paper, only a week ago, that he had been visiting that very district. He relates simply that the crowd had been more than twice as great as those multitudes who had gathered at the very height of the non-cooperation movement. We often hear today that his influence is on the wane, that he retains but a shadow of his former greatness. To those who know the facts that is just as absurd as it is untrue to say that India is not eager for Swaraj.

If then the question be asked: "Would you be ready to intrust India during this coming year with full responsible government, both provincial and central?" I would answer, "Yes." If I were further asked concerning any safeguards to the minorities and to the depressed classes that might be needed, the reply would be that there would necessarily go along with the new constitution a declaration of rights, these rights to be so framed as to comprise a statutory law which no Parliament could overrule or annul.

Lastly, if the problem of military and naval defenses were raised, I would point out that India is already an original member of the League of Nations and a signatory of the Paris pact and also of the World Court. Her record is one of peace with her neighbors, not of war. Also it should be pointed out that not a single dominion within the British Commonwealth of Nations has a full self-supporting armament as yet, either by land or sea. If officers from England were still needed to carry over the Indian Army intact into the new constitution, they would surely be willing to continue their service for that purpose as long as they were needed. Important details of gradual transference of responsibility could be agreed on, with the necessary accommodations, when once the main issue of full self-government was decided.

Lord Irwin's Blunder*

THE debate on India in the House of Lords made it abundantly clear that it is upon the Viceroy that the main if not the whole responsibility rests for the unfortunate form of the solemn declaration which he made on reaching India. Speaking for the government, Lord Parmoor declared that "we should if possible realize what the difficulties are in India and attempt upon a matter of this kind to do our best to support the views and opinions of the present Viceroy." He went on to refer to Lord Irwin as "the greatest Viceroy of modern times." . . . It is quite evident that Lord Irwin while he was in London dominated the India Office and that the India Office is now seeking shelter from the cold blasts of criticism under the wings of the "great" Viceroy.

About the blunder there can be no doubt. The only important question now is how its dangerous consequences may be averted, if they can be averted at all. Lord Irwin used the vague phrase "dominion status," about the precise meaning of which lawyers might argue forever, but such lawyers' arguments are not pertinent in this case. All that mattered was how the phrase would be understood by the politicians and people of India. All authorities on the present political mentality of India—excepting "the greatest of modern Viceroys"—appear to have been agreed that such a phrase ought not to have been employed by the Viceroy at the present moment, because it would inevitably be misunderstood. But against all such advice the India Office decided to trust "the man-on-the-spot." . . .

The position of Lord Irwin is clear enough. He wished to be able to make a declaration which would avert the danger of that campaign of "civil disobedience" which was threatened for New Year's Day. Probably he has averted it, but at what cost? At the cost apparently of destroying the last scrap of confidence which remains in India in the integrity and good faith of the British *raj*. Lord Irwin seems to be a believer in the doctrine of "Peace in our time, O Lord—and after me the deluge." In all the circumstances of the case his official declaration in favor of "dominion status" could only be taken in India to mean that that status was to be granted in the immediate future. That it did not mean that has been made perfectly clear by Lord Parmoor, but Lord Irwin must have known that it would be taken in that way in India and must have intended that it should be.

How Lord Irwin's speech was actually taken in India was made clear enough within three days of its delivery. A committee of the leaders of all parties in India, including the liberal moderates, issued a plain statement of what they understood Lord Irwin to mean. They declared, "We understand that the conference is to meet, not to discuss when dominion status shall be established, but to frame a scheme of dominion constitution for India. We hope we are not mistaken in thus interpreting the import and the implications of this weighty pronouncement of the Viceroy." The men who signed this manifesto—moderates and extremists alike—knew, of course, that nothing of the sort was intended by Lord Irwin or the British government. But they saw their chance and took it, and who shall blame them? If Lord Irwin sought to bamboozle them, why should not they in turn bamboozle the people of India?

For bamboozling it was. That is the whole trouble. "Dominion status" is a phrase which has almost no meaning in relation to India. That enormous continental conglomeration of Hindus and Mohammedans and semi-independent native states can never, as far as it is possible to look forward into the dim future, have a constitution that would be in any way comparable to the constitutions of Canada or Australia or New Zealand. "Dominion status" for India as a whole is just about as remote a prospect as is the ultimate "Federation of the World." The thing is simply not possible, either now or probably a hundred years hence. India has a thousand Ulsters. Will the warlike Mohammedan minority ever consent to be ruled by the very unwarlike Hindus? Will the aristocratic Indian states consent to be ruled by the spurious (or else illiterate) democracies of Calcutta and Lahore and Bombay? These questions answer themselves almost before they are asked. "Dominion status" is therefore an intrinsically nonsensical term as applied to India. It can only be so applied with a conscious or semi-conscious intention to deceive.

The fat, however, is already in the fire—thanks to Lord Irwin. There can be no going back upon his declaration. Carefully read, it means, of course, nothing at all. But on the face of it it seems to mean something, to imply some very big change of policy. Yet, according to Lord Parmoor, there is to be no change of policy at all. The intention of the government is to

* We reprint this editorial from the *New Statesman*, English liberal weekly, of November 9.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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pursue the policy which has been pursued by all British governments during the past twelve years. . . .

But, then, why this flamboyant declaration of policy by Lord Irwin? It means nothing, apparently, save a reaffirmation of the policy of 1917. Yet in India it has been taken to mean very much more, and it was the obvious intention of Lord Irwin that it *should* be taken to mean much more.

What is the meaning of it all? If we cannot understand it ourselves, how can the Indians be expected to understand it? "There is no change," says Lord Parmoor. Then why in heaven's name should there be all this fuss? If Lord Irwin's speech meant something, then what is that something? If it meant nothing, as Lord Parmoor suggests, then why has it produced this wonderfully "satisfactory" result in India? The answer to these questions is obvious. The "greatest Viceroy of modern times" has elected to take a short view of the Indian political situation, and in announcing his policy has used phrases which must surely have been intended to hold a double meaning—one for India and another for England. It is not, we believe, by such methods that the great problem of Indian government can be solved. Lord Irwin is a disastrously bad adviser. On what he has done during the past few weeks he should probably be described, not as the greatest, but as the worst Viceroy of modern times.

But the urgent question is how the damages can best be repaired. The Indian leaders have affirmed—honestly or dishonestly—their belief that the proposed conference is to meet at Delhi to frame a constitution embodying the principle of immediate dominion status. So far, no official statement has been issued, either by the Viceroy or by the home government, repudiating that absurd, yet inevitable, interpretation of Lord Irwin's words. But some such repudiation must be made at once if the British government is not justly to be charged with the worst sort of disingenuity and trickery. We are not going to offer India dominion status either this year or next year, or in the lifetime of any living man. We might perhaps leave her alone to work out her own salvation without the aid of British bayonets. That is conceivable. But it is not conceivable that India (as a whole), in any future conditions that can now be even hypothetically envisaged, will be able to control her own army, navy, and civil service in the manner in which these services are controlled in other British dominions. This must somehow be made clear, if only to rectify, in such measure as is possible, Lord Irwin's almost grotesque blunder. . . . He must find means of clearing up the mess that he has made, or if that is impossible he ought to resign. What is immediately urgent, as Lord Reading pointed out, is that the obvious misunderstandings to which Lord Irwin's speech has given rise should be instantly rectified. The Indians have already too little confidence in our good faith. We cannot afford to let the "greatest Viceroy of modern times" destroy that confidence altogether.

In view of the many letters received from readers on recent riots and the present situation in Palestine, The Nation *will publish in its issue of January 8 a short article and a considerable number of letters on this subject.*

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